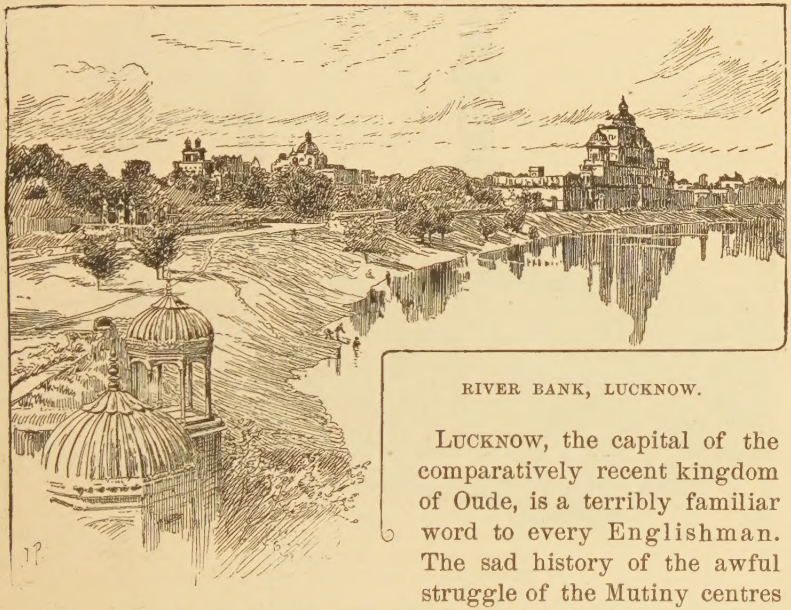
THE

Methodist Magazine.

JULY, 1892.

INDIA: ITS TEMPLES, ITS PALACES, AND ITS PEOPLE.*

VII.



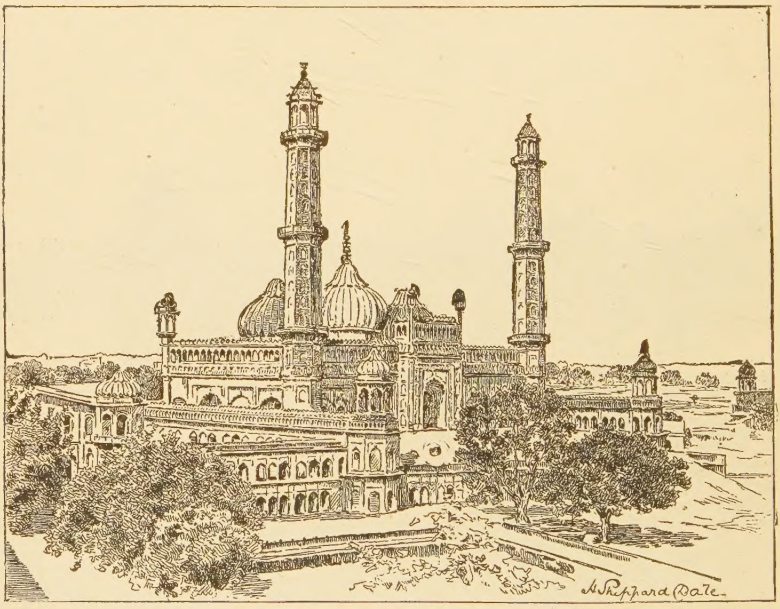
RIVER BANK, LUCKNOW.

LUCKNOW, the capital of the comparatively recent kingdom of Oude, is a terribly familiar word to every Englishman. The sad history of the awful struggle of the Mutiny centres around the ruins of its Residency, sacred to the eternal memory of its heroic defence by the British garrison in 1857, and also its two equally heroic reliefs under Havelock, Outram and Colin Campbell.

Lucknow is quite a modern city; after Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, it is the most populous in India, city and cantonments together numbering nearly 300,000 souls, of whom one-half are

* *Picturesque India.* By W. S. CAINE, M.P. 8vo, pp. 606. London: George Routledge & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

Mussulmen. Thirty-five years ago, it was the capital of a great Mohammedan kingdom, and is now the centre of administration, and the focus of the commerce, of an important British province. Lucknow attracts to itself much of the native Mussulman aristocracy and learning, and undoubtedly exercises more potent influence in Mohammedan society than any other city in India, except, perhaps, Hyderabad. Lucknow is wealthy and prosperous, presenting an outward appearance of magnificence and splendour, though its architecture, with one or two exceptions, is, beyond all expression, execrable. Placed in the centre of a province justly called "the Garden of India," the suburbs are extremely beautiful;



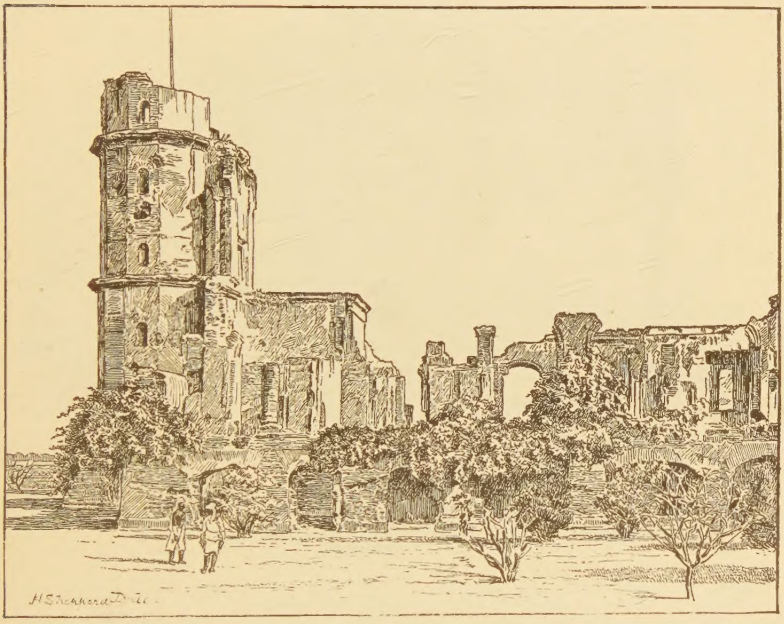
JAMA MASJID, LUCKNOW.

viewed from any vantage point, the city is wonderfully picturesque, the debased and degraded architecture being toned by distance, its lofty minarets and gilded domes alone visible among the luxuriant foliage in which the whole city appears embosomed. Nowhere in India are there more beautiful avenues, parks, and gardens; nowhere in India are there more uglier palaces, mosques and mausoleums.

The royal palaces of Lucknow are, without exception, the worst specimens in all India; costly and extravagant, tawdry and tinsel, bad in architectural design, worse in decorative treatment, but worst of all in the smear of Oriental vice and degradation that still seems to cling about them.

The Jama Masjid, or cathedral mosque, is the most beautiful building in Lucknow. Its towering minarets are a conspicuous object in the landscape for miles round. It is the only building in all Lucknow, with the exception of the Great Imambara, worth looking at a second time.

The Residency is, of course, the spot which, more than any other object of interest in Lucknow, attracts the British tourist. Apart from their romantic history, the ruins and surrounding garden form a beautiful picture. It is impossible for the most callous to wander unmoved through its pathetic cemetery, gay



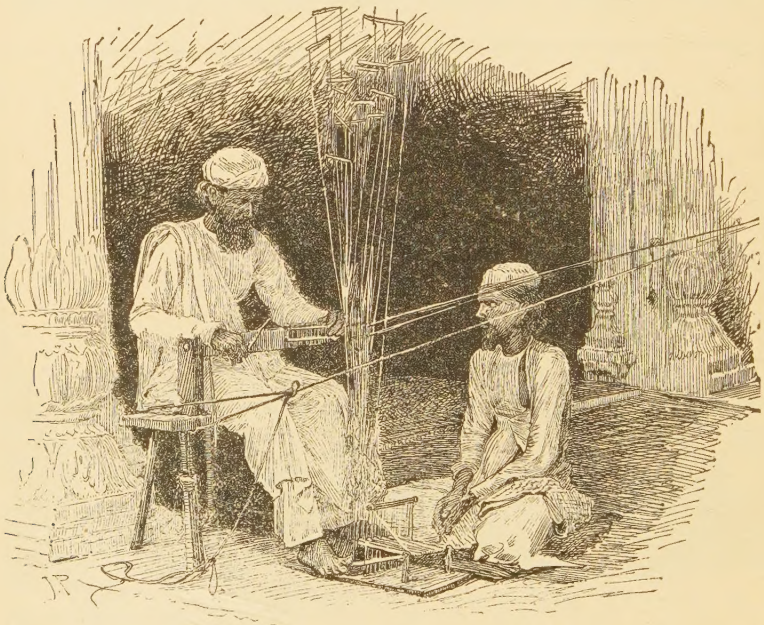
THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW.

with flowers and shadowed by feathery bamboos. Every inscription brings to mind some fresh incident of the awful defence and relief of Lucknow. Here rests Henry Lawrence, "who tried to do his duty"; here are the graves of the chaplain and his only child, of twelve brave women and eight little children struck down by shot and shell, with two thousand officers and men who perished by war and massacre during the mutiny of 1857.

The native city of Lucknow affords ample opportunity for studying all the handicrafts of India. Different trades occupy various quarters of the Great Bazaar, which is a narrow winding street running from one end of the native city to the other. The

roadway is filled with a busy clamorous throng of Indians in gay dresses and bright turbans; so dense, indeed, is the crowd, that for many hours in the afternoon all vehicular traffic is forbidden by the authorities, as well as elephants, camels or horses.

The craft for which Lucknow has the greatest reputation throughout India is that of gold and silver wire-drawing, with its complementary trades of gold and silver lace, brocades, and embroidery. There are about 1,000 artisans employed in this industry. The basis of these fabrics is gold, silver, or silver-gilt

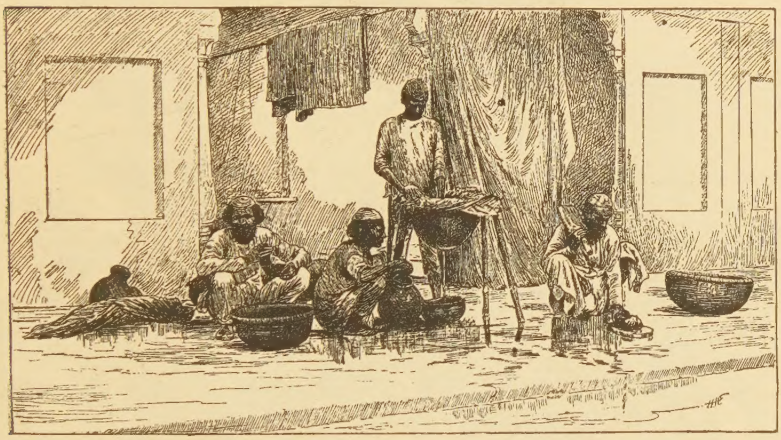


GOLD LACE MAKERS, LUCKNOW.

wire drawn out by hand, or rather by that extra hand possessed by every Indian, the foot, to an extreme thinness. Some of the most beautiful cotton fabrics and stuffs of India are produced at Lucknow, owing more to the strength and brilliance of their natural dyes, than to the fineness or softness with which they are woven. Now the loud clattering of pots and pans announces the coppersmiths' quarter, where brass-workers and tinsmiths congregate. Nothing is more curious in an Indian bazaar than the rapid transition from a workshop turning out the most perfect and artistic results, to another whose jerryness and inefficiency have no rival anywhere in the world.

A group of shops piled with rough pink lumps of mineral, like

inferior gypsum, form the salt bazaar, a Government monopoly which brings in a revenue all over India of some £7,000,000 every year. Here and there throughout the bazaar are little shops whose entire stock consists of a small lump of greenish pudding, which is being retailed out in tiny cubes. This is another "Government monopoly" and is *Majoon,* a preparation of the deadly *Bhang* or Indian hemp known in Turkey and Egypt as *Hasheesh,* the most horrible intoxicant the world has yet produced. In Egypt, its importation and sale is absolutely forbidden, and a costly preventive service is maintained to suppress the smuggling of it by Greek adventurers; but a Christian Government is wiser in its generation and gets a comfortable income out of its sale. When an Indian wants to commit some horrible crime, such as murder



DYER'S SHOP, LUCKNOW.

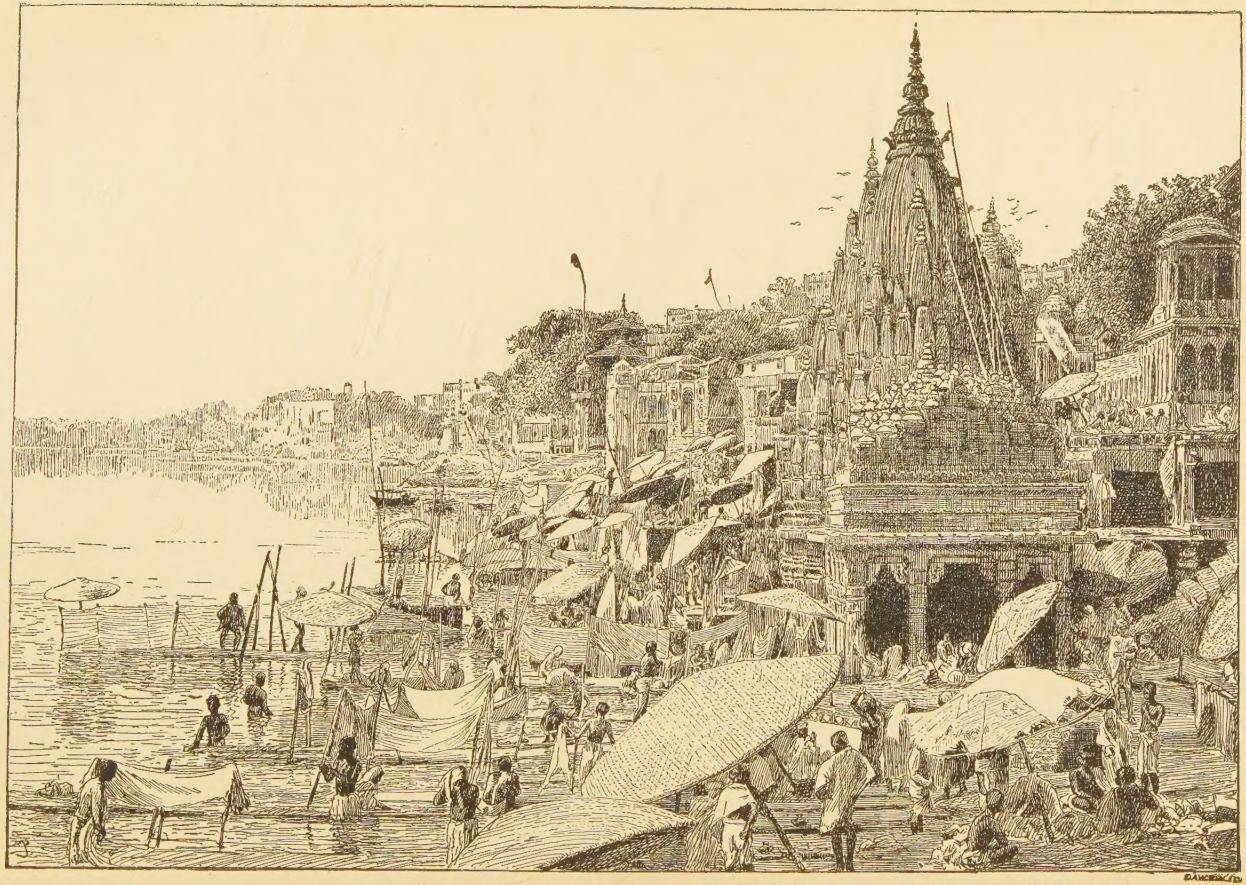
or wife mutilation, he prepares himself for it with two annas' worth of *Bhang* from a Government majoon shop. The wide and spacious shops, in front of which are strewn broken potsherds, and whose contents are two or three kegs and a pile of little pots, are the Government liquor-farmers' establishments. The groups of noisy men seated on the floor are drinking ardent spirits of the worst description, absolutely forbidden to the British soldier, but sold retail to natives at three farthings a gill, of which two farthings go to the Exchequer. No Hindu will drink from the same vessel as any one else, which explains the pile of little pots, and the broken sherds in the street outside.

Here and there a large native house is passed, through the door of which streams in and out a swarm of customers. It is, perhaps, three o'clock in the afternoon. Entering with them, you

OPIUM DEN, LUCKNOW.—*(From a Photograph taken specially for this purpose.)*

will find yourself in a spacious but very dirty courtyard, round which are ranged fifteen or twenty small rooms. The stench is sickening, the swarm of flies intolerable, and there is something strange and weird in the face of those coming in from the street. This is the establishment of another Government contractor, the opium farmer. At the entrance sits a comely, well-dressed native woman, whose husband is busy sorting the arriving customers into the least crowded of the side rooms. Before her is a table on which are large bowls rapidly filling up with copper coins; like Matthew of old, she sits at the receipt of custom, for half these coins go to the Government treasury at Calcutta, the other half going into the pocket of the Government tax-collector, the opium farmer. Enter one of the small rooms. It has no window, and is very dark, but in the centre is a small charcoal fire, whose lurid glow lights up the faces of nine or ten human beings, men and women, lying on the floor like pigs in a sty. A young girl, some fifteen years of age, has charge of each room, fans the fire, lights the opium pipe, and holds it in the mouth of the last comer, till his head falls heavily on the body of his or her predecessor. In no East-end gin palace, in no lunatic or idiot asylum, will you see such horrible destruction of God's image in the face of man, as appears in the countenances of those in the preliminary stages of opium drunkenness. Here you may see some handsome young married women nineteen or twenty years of age, sprawling on the senseless bodies of men, their fine brown eyes flattened and dull with coming stupor, and their lips drawn convulsively back from their glittering white teeth. Here is a younger girl, sitting among a group of newly-arrived customers, singing some lewd romance, as they hand round the pipes. There is a bonny little lad of six or seven, watching his father's changing face with a dreadful indifference. At night these dens are crowded to excess, and it is estimated that there are upwards of 12,000 persons in Lucknow enslaved by this hideous vice. Green hands get drunk for an anna, or even less, but by degrees more and more opium is needed, till hardened sots require two or three hundred drops of thick opium mixed with tobacco, to secure complete intoxication. An opium sot is the most hopeless of all drunkards. Once in the clutches of this fiend, everything gives way to his fierce promptings. His victim only works to get more money for opium. Wife, children, home, health and life itself at last are all sacrificed to his degrading passion.

Benares is the fifth city of India in size, population, and importance. It is a place of great wealth, full of noble mansions and palaces of pious Hindu princes, rajahs, and bankers, who



BATHING GHATS, BENARES.

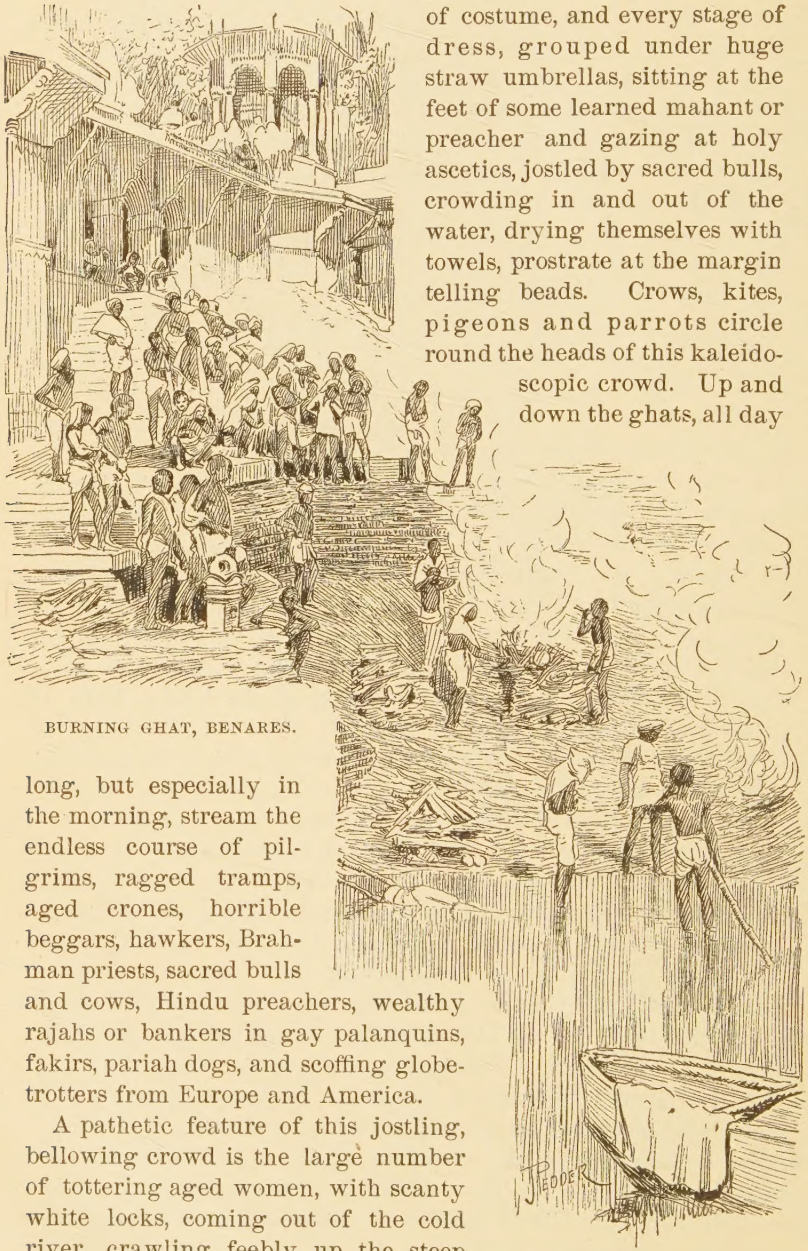
pride themselves on keeping up a residence in Holy Benares. Its population, apart from its innumerable companies of pilgrims, is about 200,000, three-fourths of which are Hindu and one-fourth Mussulman. There are not 300 Christians all told.

To the pious Brahman Benares is what Mecca is to the Mussulman, Jerusalem to the Christian. The longing of his whole life is to visit this place of spotless holiness and wash away his blackest sins in the sacred Ganges before he dies. The palaces which fringe the river are full of the aged relatives of their owners, come together from all parts of India, waiting with calm, patient, ecstatic happiness the summons of the angel of death, for Benares is, indeed, the very gate of heaven.

Benares is equally revered by that other great religion of the East, the Buddhist. Twenty-five centuries ago Buddha preached his first sermon here, and made it the centre from which he sent forth his missionaries to Ceylon, China, Japan, Burmah, Nepaul and Thibet, until half the human race came under the sway of his doctrine. Benares was even then so great a centre of religious thought and influence, that Buddha naturally selected it as his centre of operations, and endeavoured, first of all, to secure the countenance and support of its learned pundits and teachers. Tradition avers that it was from Benares Solomon procured his "apes and peacocks," both of which are still held sacred in the Hindu temples of the city. It is also said that one of the wise men of the East, who brought presents to the infant Jesus at Jerusalem, was a Rajah from Benares. However that may be, there is probably no sacred city in the world with so ancient and unbroken a record, or which even to-day exercises its sway over so many millions of devotees; dear alike to that religion which is saturated with idolatry, and to its great rival which, scorning idolatry and polytheism, teaches that every individual man, by a holy life, can lift himself into and become part of the Divine.

Modern Benares is wholly given to idolatry. Buddhism has long since succumbed to Brahmanism, and been swept out of India altogether. Benares is without question the most picturesque city in India. It lies on a bend of the Ganges, along the crest of a hill about a hundred feet above the water. Viewed from the river, it presents a panorama of palaces, temples and mosques, surmounted by domes, pinnacles and minarets, stretching three miles along the top of the bank. From these descend great flights of stone stairs, broken into wide platforms, on which are built exquisite Hindu shrines, bathing-houses, and preaching canopies. Long piers project into the river, on which sick people lie, carefully tended by their relatives, to get the beneficent healing of the great mother Ganges.

Ghats, platforms and piers are alive with pilgrims from every part of India, in every variety of costume, and every stage of dress, grouped under huge straw umbrellas, sitting at the feet of some learned mahant or preacher and gazing at holy ascetics, jostled by sacred bulls, crowding in and out of the water, drying themselves with towels, prostrate at the margin telling beads. Crows, kites, pigeons and parrots circle round the heads of this kaleidoscopic crowd. Up and down the ghats, all day



BURNING GHAT, BENARES.

long, but especially in the morning, stream the endless course of pilgrims, ragged tramps, aged crones, horrible beggars, hawkers, Brahman priests, sacred bulls and cows, Hindu preachers, wealthy rajahs or bankers in gay palanquins, fakirs, pariah dogs, and scoffing globe-trotters from Europe and America.

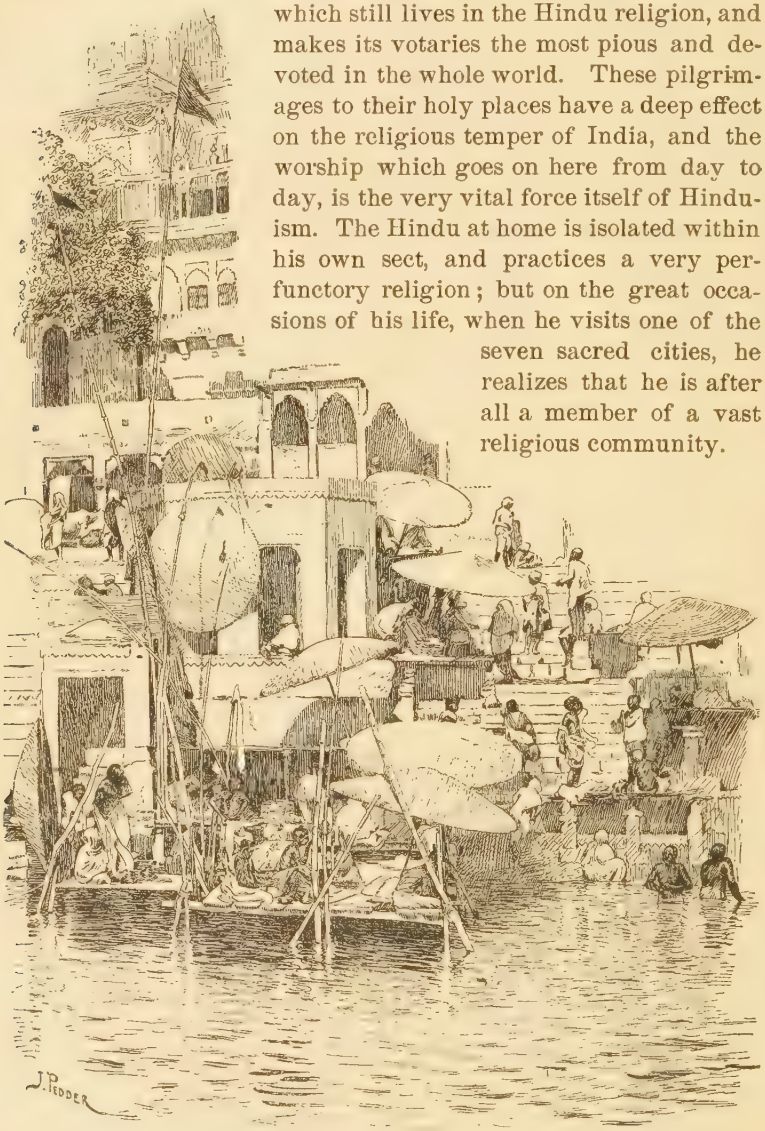
A pathetic feature of this jostling, bellowing crowd is the large number of tottering aged women, with scanty white locks, coming out of the cold river, crawling feebly up the steep steps with their wet clothes clinging to their poor shivering, lean

legs, shrinking into some recess lest the shadow of a passing Englishman or Mussulman should fall upon them, a calamity which spoils the effect of the sacred cleansing and renders it needful to creep back once more to the chill water. Hundreds of aged creatures of both sexes are always in Benares, having left home and family, perhaps a thousand miles away, never to return happy and glad to chill themselves slowly into heaven in the sacred waves of the Ganges.

Nothing in all their religion is so dear to the devout Hindu as their beloved mother Ganges. Pilgrims to her banks carry back bottles of the precious water to their kindred in far-off provinces; to die and be burnt on her sacred margin, and have their ashes borne away to the ocean on her loving bosom, is the last wish of millions of Hindus. No river in the world does more to justify the reverence of the people, blessed, fed and sustained by the water she brings down to the fertile plains from the "roof of the world." Every turn of the street, every step of the ghat, every group on the platforms present some incident exciting the greatest curiosity, which can only be satisfied by someone versed in the customs of the Hindu religion. It will be well to ascend the soaring minaret of the Mosque of Aurangzeb for the marvellous bird's-eye view it affords of the ghats, the whole city, and the sweeping mother Ganges bearing away the sins of her faithful and devoted children to be merged in the mighty ocean. This mosque is the finest building in Benares, and, in many respects, is unique. Springing lightly into the air, like the tall stems of some beautiful flower, are two exquisite and graceful minarets, 150 feet from the floor of the mosque. These slender pinnacles are only eight and a quarter feet in diameter at the base, tapering to seven and a half feet at the summit. The river is 150 below the mosque, so that the whole building rises 300 feet, almost sheer from the water's edge, forming the very crown of the city. Mohammed, the theist and the idol breaker, thus appears to dominate with lofty and desolate scorn the 1,400 temples of that ancient Brahman faith, which survives alike the precepts of Buddha, the fierce persecutions of Aurangzeb, and the mild and gentle teaching of Jesus. To sit in the air, on the topmost balcony of one of these slender minarets, with the city and river at one's feet, the pigeons and parrots whirling between, is an experience never to be forgotten.

At the Burning Ghat, may be observed corpses undergoing cremation. Hawkers sell peacock fans, warranted to blow away fiends and evil spirits; at the top of the steps is a goddess with a silver face, who protects her devotees from smallpox.

It is only when face to face with the eager crowds from every part of India, which throng the ghats and temples of Benares, that we realize to the full the latent power which still lives in the Hindu religion, and makes its votaries the most pious and devoted in the whole world. These pilgrimages to their holy places have a deep effect on the religious temper of India, and the worship which goes on here from day to day, is the very vital force itself of Hinduism. The Hindu at home is isolated within his own sect, and practices a very perfunctory religion; but on the great occasions of his life, when he visits one of the seven sacred cities, he realizes that he is after all a member of a vast religious community.



A CORNER ON THE GANGES, BENARES.

The Holy of Holies at Benares is the famous sanctuary of the terrible Siva. He is, more than any god, cruel, and exacts a

bloody worship. He is the ruler of evil spirits, ghouls, and vampires, and at nightfall he prowls about in their company, in places of execution and where there are buried dead. He is the god of mad frantic folly, who, clothed in the bloody skin of an elephant, leads the wild dance of the Tandava. He is the god of the ascetics; this fearful sect go naked, smutty with ashes, their long, matted hair twisted round their heads; others follow hideous secret rites of blood, lust, gluttony, drunkenness, and incantations; others pose themselves in immovable attitudes, till the sinews shrink, and the posture becomes rigid; others tear their bodies with knives, or devour carrion and excrements. These wretched beings lead wandering lives, and swarm at Benares, and all other holy places.

The sacred spot of the followers of Vishnu is the famous "well of healing." The water is about three feet deep, horribly foul with continual washings of the worshippers, and the stench fills the entire enclosure. After bathing, the devotees drink deep draughts of this filthy stuff, ladled out to them by priests in exchange for coppers. No matter how criminal or violent the life of the pilgrim has been, the stinking muddy water of Manikarnika cleans up the record of a lifetime, and sends him away absolutely pure and holy.

BEST.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

All that thy Father does is best for thee:
Like the soft chime of bells in perfect tune,
Heard o'er and o'er again, but never falling
Upon the ear too soon; nor e'er too long
Continued,—so these oft-repeated words
Chime through our lives. And as the sweet-toned bells
Through falling rain and over mist-wreathed river
Sound more near,—so doth this blest assurance
Stronger grow in times of pain and sadness.
Himself hath told us that not willingly
He sends us sorrow; and He, too, is grieved
In all our grievings. So when joys of earth
Each after each withdraw themselves, and hopes
Grow faint and die, let us be but more sure
Our Father loves us. Nor by questionings,
And frettings that so oft our days lack brightness,
Make it less easy for His tender heart
To choose our highest good. Oh, patient wait!
And we shall see, ere long, His best bright end
To all our cloudy days.

Toronto.

"THROUGH COLORADO."

THE EDITOR.

II.

NEW MEXICAN LIFE.

THE Narrow Guage Division of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway crosses over the borders of New Mexico, and a number of Spanish Mexicans board the train—brown, stalwart, be-ringed, and wearing the broad sombrero, shown in the cut. They talk of their exploits in hunting a murderer with blood-hounds in Hardscrabble Canyon, which gives one the impression of being in a somewhat lawless country. We see wild cow-boys, and bare-headed Indians recklessly riding their fiery mustangs. Their canvas tepees look *so* diminutive amid the wild grandeur of nature. At the Indian Reserves an occasional glance may be had of the picturesque Ute braves, tricked out in savage finery, with scarlet blankets, gazing stolidly as the train sweeps by. A wealth of lovely flowers at this high altitude—larkspurs, columbines, primroses, mountain daisies, golden rod, and mountain roses carpet the slopes. So close do the railway curves in places come together that a stone can be thrown from the mile-post on one track to that of another on the lower grade.

One of the most magnificent pieces of scenery on the road is the tremendous mountain canyon shown in our picture on page 18, to which the Spaniards gave the musical but melancholy title of Rio de los Animas Perdidas, or "the River of Lost Souls," so named

from the appalling, almost terrific, character of the scenery. Cliffs rise on either side to a height of 1,500 feet; the railway clings to the rocky wall a thousand feet above the river, and a glance from the car window gives one the impression of a view from a balloon. I climbed on top of the car, where was a comfortable seat and an

TYPICAL MEXICAN.

iron rail for protection, but in going around the tremendous curves the train leaned over the gorge—in whose depths the raging waters of the River of Lost Souls dashed and swirled—to such a degree as to nearly frighten the life out of me.

Five hundred feet above climbed the combing cliffs, to which clung pines and hemlocks. The canyon is here a mere fissure in the mountain's heart, so narrow that one can toss a stone across it.

A striking feature is the sharp trachyte needles, which thrust their splintered peaks into the region of eternal frost.

Before emerging from this wonderful chasm the bed of the gorge rises to nearly level with the roadway. The sedimentary strata are twisted and folded as I have seen them nowhere else. At these great altitudes water boils many degrees below the normal 212° at the sea level, but boiling water is by no means as

CANYON OF "THE RIVER OF LOST SOULS."

hot. It takes about seven minutes to cook an egg, and nearly all day to cook the beans which are the staple food of many of the canyons.

The little town of Silverton has only a few score of houses lying in the bottom of a cup-like valley surrounded by snow-clad mountains; but the output of ore has increased from $40,000 to $2,000,000 in three years. I visited some of the mines and saw the whole process of reducing the ore. Hundreds of diminutive burros carry the ore from the mines far up the mountain

slopes and canyons to the crushing mills. These little creatures wear no bridles; they are nearly all voice and ears, but manage to carry 120 pounds of ore in stout canvas sacks on their backs. These burros, or donkeys, which bring down the ore, carry up wood, coal and such like to the mines, and drag up by main force boilers and heavy machinery on rude sleds. One man rides on a horse, or mule, and directs the whole convoy. I happened to have some lunch about me, and one of the hungry little animals smelt me all over as if he would like to make a meal of me.

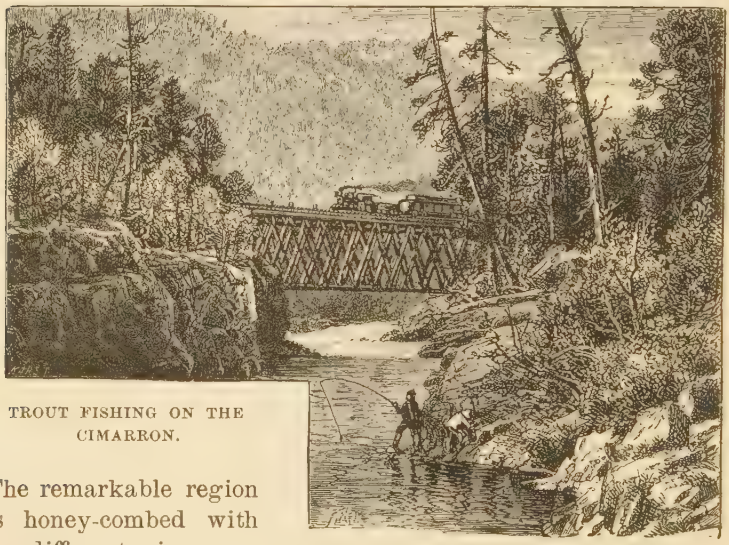
THE BURRO AND HIS BURDEN.

The twenty-mile ride over Red Mountain to Ironton was one of intense excitement. In the brilliant sunlight the mountain gleamed a bright rust red, and in the evening light glowed like a topaz. In sinuous curves the narrow road climbs the gulches,

BRIDGE ON THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE.

making a tremendous loop of several miles, which brings one back almost within a stone's throw of the road a thousand feet below. At the summit of the range we reach an altitude of nearly

12,000 feet. At that height the snow in the valley lies far below, the wind blows icy cold, the needle peaks rise far above. The steam-whistle among the mountains wakes immemorial echoes. The mining structures cling like swallows' nests to the cliffs. The mines are the richest in the world and bear such fantastic names as "American Belle," "Yankee Girl," "Egyptian Queen," and the like. I procured specimens of silver ore said to be worth $2,000 a ton. At several points where it was impossible to form a curve, a "switch-back" is arranged, where the direction of the train is reversed and it backs down till another "switch-back" again reverses the motion. These extraordinary groups of curves seem in bird's-eye view to make good the boast of the western engineer, that he can run a railway wherever a mule can climb.

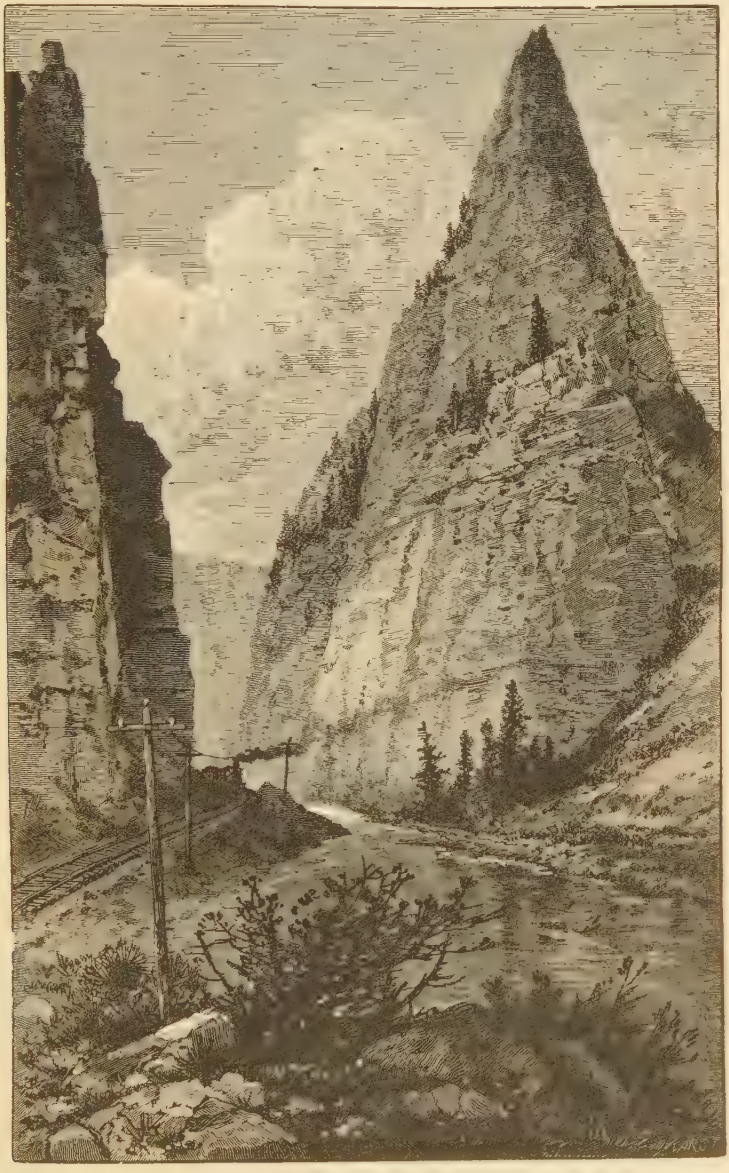


TROUT FISHING ON THE CIMARRON.

The remarkable region is honey-combed with the different mines.

Between Ironton and Ouray there is a gap of seven miles through a region which seems too rugged and broken for even this audacious railway. A brigade of lumbering coaches connect the termini, but I preferred, in the glorious afternoon light of that bright August day, to walk the seven miles—one of the grandest walks I ever had in my life, reminding me of a similar walk down the rugged valley of the Dala in Switzerland. The raging, chafing torrent, which bore the uneuphonious name of Uncompahgre, fretted at the bottom of a tremendous gorge. The highly tilted trachyte strata rose far overhead. The road, hewn from the solid rock, cost $40,000 a mile, and the toll for a team is $1.75. The tremendous peaks of "Red Mountain," "Father

Abraham," and grim "Ouray," seem to pierce the very skies. Much of the travel is done by brigades of mules fastened together,



CURRECANTE NEEDLE, BLACK CANYON.

head and tail, under the conduct of a centaur-like creature who seems part of the horse he rides, so firm is his seat, and so absolute

his command of the animal, as indeed it had need to be on these mountain slopes. It was like a picture from Spain. I met an Italian peasant who spoke French, Spanish and Italian, who paid me the compliment of saying that I spoke "*multo facile mente lingua diversa.*" I lingered in this wonderland hour after hour, rolling great stones down the mountain side and watching them leap hundreds of feet at a bound from crag to crag, till they plunged into the river far below. The shadows lengthened and filled the valley, while the pyramid-like peak of Mount Abraham gleamed as if with internal fire.

The scene at Bear Creek Falls is perhaps the most striking of all. Directly under the bridge a cataract plunges 250 feet into an abyss.

Just before one reaches Ouray is a canyon of profound depth and sublimity. I crept to the edge in the fading light and peered timidly over, and was almost dizzied by the tremendous depth and deep, hoarse thunder of the cataract below.

Ouray, the gem of the Rockies, is a charming town, completely girdled by mighty walls, in places a thousand feet in perpendicular height, stained by iron or manganese in variegated hues —rust colour, crimson and deep opaque maroon. The effect was wonderfully impressive. Here are more quartz crushers, to which ore is sent for testing from different mines. Miners do not wear their hearts on their sleeves, nor tell all they know; neither do quartz crushers, as the following significant legend, which appears on one of the mills, shows: "Don't ask us how the ore runs; the owners can give you that information."

At Ouray, named from a dead Ute chief who once ruled all this region, we again strike the railway, and resume our journey back to the east. The very grandeur becomes almost monotonous. Along the line are studded towns with great hotels and not much else. Everything is in the future, a wonderful contrast to travel in Europe, where everything has been finished a hundred or five hundred years ago. Far on the horizon rise the serrated and snowy peaks of the San Juan range, over 14,000 feet high. Then for hours the road traverses a region picturesque in its poverty and desolation, and the distant and snowy-crested buttes, with the arid plains between, make the traveller think of the wastes of Arabia Petrea.

At length we reach the famous Black Canyon of the Gunnison. An observation car, without roof, a platform car, with sides waist high and reversible seats, gives an uninterrupted view. For fourteen miles the road threads this tremendous gorge, the walls rising in places to a height of 2,500 feet. The Needle shown

in our cut is red-hued from top to base, and guards like a grim sentinel the canyon's solitude. This we think one of the most impressive canyons on the Denver and Rio Grande.

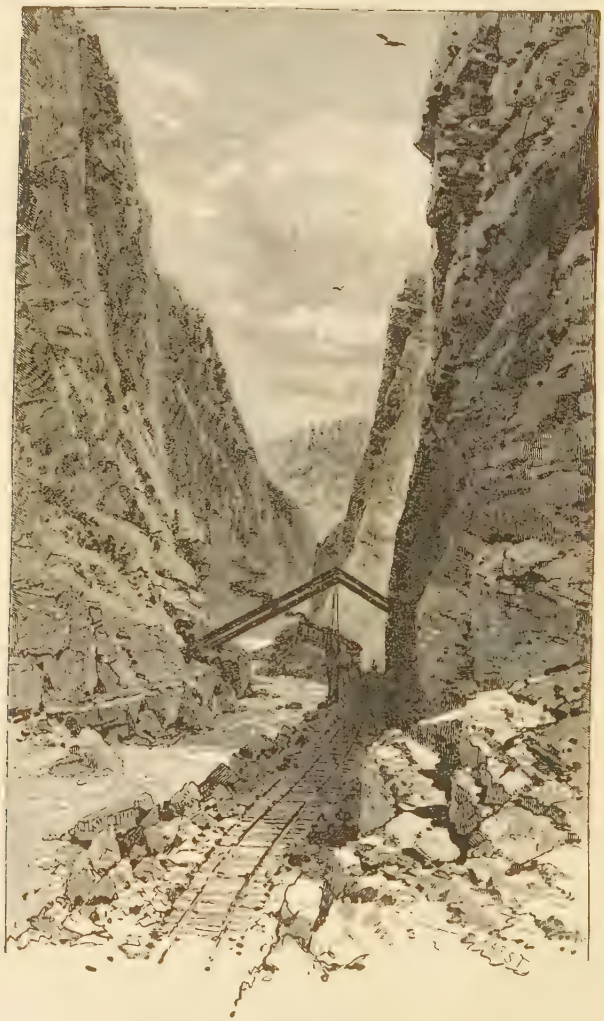
At length we glide out into a beautiful park-like expanse, and reach the town of Gunnison, where there is another magnificent hotel of the future, erected at a cost of $225,000. At Marshall Pass, 11,000 feet above the sea, we cross the crest of the continent. Here are springs within a few hundred feet of each other, one of

GRAPE CREEK CANYON.

which sends its waters into the Pacific Ocean ; the other joins the Arkansas, and rolls its tide into the Gulf of Mexico. Slowly the train, sweeping in vast curves around great valleys, climbs the mountain side, giving ever wider views, and from the topmost grade we can see five winding tracks below us. From the top we gain a view of the most perfect of the Sierras, the Sangre de Christo range, like Titans sitting on their solitary thrones; and to the right towers the fire-scarred old Ouray, gloomy and grand, solitary and forbidding. The awful silence of the storm-tossed granite ocean lies below. We cross the summit in a mile-long snow-shed, sweep

down in gigantic curves the western slope, and late at night return to Salida, weary with the excitement of one of the most magnificent mountain rides in the world.

One more wonder this railway has to display. Leaving Salida,



THE ROYAL GORGE, ON THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE.

we soon reach the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas, which is probably the most impressive of the whole. The almost perpendicular walls tower to a height of over 2,600 feet, brilliant with rose colour and crimson dyes. The sky forms a blue arch of light, but

in the gorge hang dark and sombre shades, which the sun's rays have never penetrated. At one point the road is so narrow that the iron bridge for the railway has to be hung from above, as shown in the engraving.

As we approach Pueblo, the Spanish lance and cactus give evidence of the arid and sultry region we are traversing. Where the land is watered by irrigation it is fertile as the valley of the Nile; where it is not irrigated it is sterile as the Desert of Sahara. Pueblo, the Pittsburg of the West, is a busy city of 25,000 people, created by the adjacent coal and iron mines. All afternoon we ride in full view of the magnificent range of the Rockies, above which towers the famous single summit of Pike's Peak, over 14,000 feet high, the beacon by which the adventurous gold-hunters steered their "prairie-schooners" into the wonderful and mysterious West.

RAINBOW FALLS, "GARDEN OF THE GODS."

We would gladly have made a visit to Manitou and the "Garden of the Gods," where the wind-carved sandstone rocks assume the most picturesque aspect. Many outlines of similar aspect are seen as we approach, carved into fantastic shapes of tower and monument and castle. After another day's glorious ride we reach the busy city of Denver, a city but of yesterday, but already a young giant of the West, with over 100,000 inhabitants, an assessed valuation of thirty-seven and a half millions, and a commerce of one hundred million dollars a year, and miles of busy streets and elegant homes. That last sunset view of the Rockies, self-luminous as the heavenly gates of pearl, will never be forgotten.

We strongly advise tourists in search of the picturesque, especially those who may visit the Chicago Exhibition of 1893, to extend their visit to Denver, and to take without fail this thousand-mile circular trip on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, the cost of which—about thirty dollars—is well repaid by the memories of grandeur and delight which will long haunt the mind.

Twenty-four hours' ride through the limitless corn fields of Colorado, Nebraska and Kansas brought me to the populous and picturesque city of St. Louis, the largest and most important on the Mississippi. To the investigation of its industries, its magnificent railway and passenger bridge, its noble parks and gardens, and suburban boulevards, I gave a day, and proceeded by night to that busy hive of industry, Chicago. The very air was electric with commercial excitement, with the boom in wheat and stocks, and with preparation for the great Columbian exhibition of 1893.

Seventeen hours' ride from Chicago brought me safely home, having travelled eight thousand miles in eight weeks, two thousand of which were in the great State of California, besides

MINERAL SPRING, MANITOU.

three hundred miles by stage, carriage, on horse and mule-back and on foot amid its grandest and wildest scenes. I travelled through four provinces and two territorial districts in Canada, and through eleven states and territories in the United States. The profoundest impression created was that of the vast extent and inexhaustible resources of this continent. Another is the great work that is being accomplished by Methodism, with its earnest pulpits, its active press, its educational institutions, its pervasive and uplifting spirit for the moral elevation of the people. I was delighted to find the active and energetic way in which the Epworth League was being pressed into the service of the Church. This new organization of the young life and young blood of Methodism is destined to be, as Bishop Newman has remarked, one of the most important agencies of the age for

promoting Christian life and Christian work among the young people; the bone and sinew, the beauty and the strength of the coming age.

Before I left home I was a patriotic Canadian, proud of my country, of its resources, of its civil and religious institutions, of the promise of its future. I come back with these feelings deepened and strengthened. California may have skies of sunnier blue (though aught fairer than our summer scenes I did not behold), it may have its orange and its lemon groves, but it has also vast areas of arid desert which can only be brought into cultivation by great expense of time and toil and treasure. Its hills are for the most part treeless, verdureless and bare. I missed the bright, rich foliage of our forests, the verdure of the blessed grass clothing with beauty every field and fell; and often in the long, dry, sultry summer-tide I yearned for the veiling clouds, the sweet and blessed rain, to cool the air and renew the parched and thirsty ground. I come home more than ever convinced that no land under the sun furnishes for the average mortal happier conditions of success than our own beloved Canada; more than ever convinced that this favoured land offers to its sons and daughters a fairer heritage than is to be found on earth. Land of my birth,

> "Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee."

THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A TENDER child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly,
"O mother, take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness evermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee!

AMONG THE LAPPS.

BY RICHARD LOVELL, M.A.*

LAPP BABY.

THE trip from Tromsö to the so-called Lapp encampment is a pleasant one. The Sound is crossed either in steamers or in one of the many boats plying about for hire. For those not equal to a short walk ponies can be engaged. The path follows the course of a little stream and leads through clumps of birch-trees. On either side the hills rise abruptly, and here and there large patches of snow are to be seen.

The encampment itself strikes a stranger as something of a delusion. It is true that there are one or two wretched huts, presumably of the kind that the Lapp in his native state professes to dwell in; but we were somewhat amused to find that the Lapps we had tramped two or three miles to observe were no other than a group whose countenances and ways we had previously studied when they were idling at the end of Tromsö's main street.

As it was somewhat early in the summer they had, perhaps, not been able to tear themselves away from civilization, and, certainly, the lee side of a house in Tromsö is, if anything, better quarters than the huts built after the Lapp model.

It was in Tromsö, also, and not at the encampment, that we were able to study the Lapp's method of managing babies. The main idea seems to be so to secure the infant that if the mother is compelled to leave it she may reasonably expect to find her offspring safe on her return. The little one is laced into a cradle, made of wooden ribs covered with leather, in such a manner that it is impossible to fall out. As far as we could see, the infant is expected to spend most of its early years in a cradle like that represented on page 30. They are, perhaps, easier to handle than an infant possessing free use of its limbs, and they are well adapted to be put down at short notice and in rough places. On the string, stretched from one end to the other, beads of glittering objects are strung to amuse the infant. By a strap attached to

*Abridged from "Norwegian Pictures." London: Religious Tract Society.

both ends the mother slings it over her shoulder when walking, and when she wishes to work hangs it up, if need be, upon a tree. We thought we could see, that amid all the seemingly rough and, for the infant, trying habits of the Lapp parent, there are motherly affections. It was another instance of how "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

But the Lapps at the encampment had done what they could for the entertainment of their visitors. They had driven down from the field a small herd of reindeer, but not including, unfortunately, the monarchs of the flock, with their long, wide-spreading antlers. It is, perhaps, impossible to over-estimate the value of this animal to the Lapps. In the full vigour of life the males act as beasts of burden, especially in winter, drawing their owners over the snow-slopes in the curious sledge, which represents the height of Lapp inventiveness in the department of locomotion. The females supply the milk, which is not only an important article of diet, but from which also large quantities of cheese are made. The Lapp rarely slaughters the reindeer for food until it is beginning to grow old and feeble; but when that stage is reached he utilizes the flesh for food and the skin for raiment and for foot-coverings. Tending the herds of reindeer takes up a large part of the working-life of a Lapp; and hence, as wealth, as an end in life, as food and raiment, and as a means of locomotion, the brave and swift reindeer plays an important part in Lapland life.

In addition to providing the small herd of reindeer, the Tromsö Lapps had also set up, besides two very dreary and dismal huts that seem to be in permanent occupation of that part of the valley, a tent arranged after the fashion of their abodes when in the full exercise of their nomadic propensities. Before this they spread reindeer skins, which they offered for sale, also spoons made by a very rough process out of reindeer horn.

The Lapps are generally small in stature and of a preternaturally aged and wrinkled countenance. Even the children look like patriarchs, and the men, from their diminutive size, might easily be mistaken for children, were it not for the grave and worn cast of face which they invariably exhibit.

As it is only at Tromsö that many travellers in Norway touch this strange and interesting race, a few words about them may not here be out of place. Lapland extends over the southern part of Norway and Sweden, and over the north-western part of Russia. The origin of the race is very obscure. The most probable explanation is that they came from Finland, but do not spring from the Finnish stock. There is a certain resemblance to the

Finns, both in language and habits, but the differences are so considerable that it seems more reasonable to conclude that the Lapps represent an earlier race conquered by the Finns. The most probable etymology of the name seems to be that it comes from a Finnish word *lappu*, meaning "Land's-end folk," or exiles. For a long period past there has been constant intercourse between the two races; but the Finns are a finer set of men physically. They are taller and stronger, and better fitted for industrial labour. In Sweden they greatly outnumber the Lapps, there being about 15,000 of them as against 7,000 Lapps. In Norway this is reversed, the Lapps numbering 16,000 or 17,000, the Finns about 8,000.

LAPLAND WOMAN AND CHILD.

The Norwegian Lapps consist of the nomad or Mountain Lapps, the settled or Sea Lapps, and the River Lapps. The second is the most numerous class. A large amount of interesting information about the Lapp people and their habits have been given by Mr. Sophus Tromholt, a member of the International Polar Research Expedition of 1882-83, in his recently published work, "Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis." We venture here to give a few extracts from this most absorbing and entertaining book, the latest and one of the very best on the subject.

"The Mountain Lapps," he says, "are the parent tribe of the two other varieties of the same race. To the mountain, the desert, to the life in the free open air, the very existence of the nomad Lapps is closely allied. The Lapp passes almost his entire life in the open air, and his tent does not even protect him against the autumn rain, the winter snow, or the spring storms. Sometimes the rain floods his tent, or the snow envelops it, and sometimes the wind levels it with the ground. But still the snowy desert

is his chosen home, and it is only here that he can be studied and judged with justice. The roaming life of the nomad of North Europe over the free mountains and the snowy wastes, where he may pitch his tent and graze his reindeer where he lists, free from the trammels of civilization, in constant fight with the elements, calls to life and fosters a sense of independence and strength which undoubtedly has the effect of making him contented. In summer as in winter, in spring and in fall, the mountain Lapp roams over the immense high plateau with his reindeer herd, guarding it day and night. With this he is brought up, it forms his sole heirloom. His father was a nomad, as were also his ancestors before him. In order to maintain and increase his herd the Lapp has to toil and suffer like the peasant on his inherited patch of soil."

The Mountain Lapps in summer visit the sea-shore, because the reindeer roams there to seek cooler quarters, and that they may bathe in the sea. The moss is allowed to grow for winter pasturage.

The reindeer is the Lapp horse, and the sledge, though not constructed according to civilized notions, is yet found by experience to be skilfully adapted to the conditions of the country. Mr. Tromholt's description is full of interest:

"The travelling requisites are as simple as they can be. First, two symmetrically-shaped bits of wood are laid above and below the neck of the deer, and fastened together. From the middle of these a band runs down on each side to a semi-circular wooden block under the stomach, immediately behind the fore-legs. To this block the single trace is also attached, which at the other end runs through the fore part of the *pulk* or sledge. Around the neck a rope or band is laid, from the lower point of which the rein runs. This is a single one, and the end is wound several times round the right wrist of the driver, the thumb having previously been inserted in a hole in the end of the rein. The sleigh seems from its construction to be better adapted to water than land travelling. Cut a low boat in halves, take the stem part and close it behind with a perpendicular sheet of wood, and you have a *pulk*. It is about the length of a man, without any covering whatever, and completely empty, the driver squatting down in the bottom. As it is provided with a keel, it is about as easily managed as a boat on *terra firma*. The *pulk* is built of birch-wood, but the keel, four to six inches wide, and finishing in a point in front, is of fir.

"The advantages of this vehicle as compared with a sledge on two runners are: a sledge would sink far deeper into loose snow, and be knocked to pieces over rough ground where the road is obstructed with logs and stones, and the *pulk* has often to shoot down a declivity of a couple of yards. The sleigh would capsize quicker than the *pulk*, strange as it may seem, as the latter only capsizes in the hands of an inexperienced driver. The expert, however, has it completely in his power, and understands how to keep it straight with his body in places were a sleigh would be hopelessly upset."

Mr. Tromholt gives a vivid picture of his first experience behind a reindeer:

"I imagined it would not be unlike driving with horses or bullocks. At

the last moment somebody kindly gave me a few hints as to the placing of my body. I got inside, wound the rein around my wrist, and, before I had time to even think or look ahead, the whole caravan shot forward, and off we went in the wildest and most chaotic manner, without order, right and left, the *pulks* swinging to and fro, and see-sawing by way of variety on their keels. I knew enough to understand that the secret of pulk-driving was

LAPLANDER'S HUT AND SLEDGES.

to stick to the vehicle. I therefore let reindeer be reindeer, and did my best to accommodate myself to the pitching of the *pulk* by all the arts of balancing, and, although I am at a loss to understand how, I managed to keep my seat."

The Lapps are a peaceful and inoffensive people, untouched to any appreciable extent by modern influences. They wander after the reindeer now much as their forefathers did when Harold

Fairhair placed all Norway under his sway. They have long had a reputation for magic, and, according to their own dim traditions, sprang originally from the East. They have been oppressed at various times in the past, but seem now free from the risk of that extinction which so often comes upon subject-races of a low type of civilization.

A great deal has been done for them, both from an educational and from a religious point of view. Gustavus Adolphus took a great interest in their development; building both churches and schools, and providing funds for their maintenance. The Scriptures were translated into their tongue, and tracts and books prepared for them. Many of the natives were trained as missionaries, whose labours bore fruit, although in such a nomadic, scattered people the old heathen beliefs and practices lingered on for a long while.

Lapp congregations in the far north have to come on the reindeer sledges, many miles over the snow-covered ice-bound roads, to the churches established and supported by the State for their benefit. In many districts the clergyman is in residence only during the winter, and occasionally the funerals, baptisms, weddings, and religious services for the year are all crowded into a short space of time.

Mr. Tromholt thus describes a Sunday service in Lapland:

"The church is quite crowded. In the middle is the oven, and on one side the men are seated, and on the other the women. The Lapp verger steps forth from the vestry door, and reads the lessons in the tongue of his forefathers. He then calls out the number of the psalm in the Lapp Prayer Book, and initiates the singing; only a few members of the congregation join in it, and their contribution does not add to the harmony. The sermon is generally read in Norwegian and interpreted by the verger, or by some able Lapp. The vicars do not stay long enough in these inhospitable parts to learn Lappish thoroughly, and, on the other hand, few Lapps understand Norwegian. As the service is drawing to a close, crying, sighs, wails, and even shrieks may be heard from the female part of the congregation but they generally emanate from old women. It is, however, very characteristic of the Lapps that they are, now perhaps less than formerly, given to strong religious emotions which may at times assume the form of fanatical frenzy."

The following is another description of a Sunday service in Lapland:

"The Mountain Lapps arrived attired in their warm fur coats made of reindeer skins. They had their dogs with them; the deer that had been drawing their sledges were fastened some distance off. They had brought skins with them as well as reindeer meat, which they wanted to barter or sell to the traders, for after the service is over it is like a market—brisk

trade is carried on, the church bells were beginning to ring, summoning the people to the sacred building. The Laplanders began slowly (for they are never very quick in their movements) to go across to the church. The church is a wooden spire; all the seats are painted yellow, and the walls whitewashed. There was a neat little pulpit and altar; above the latter was an oil-painting of our Saviour in Gethsemane, and I was astonished to find so superior a work of art in those cold desolate regions, in latitude 71°.

A LAPLANDER.

"The little church was nearly filled. A Sea Lapp, apparently of superior rudimentary education, gave out the hymn in a loud voice. The pastor now mounts the pulpit, and begins his sermon in the Lapp *lingua*. The congregation listened very attentively; but after ten minutes or so some of them went out for a little time; it 'was very cold sitting still. The sermon being over, two couples, followed by bridesmaids and best men, went up to the altar, to go through the wedding ceremony. After the conclusion of the marriages all the people went to the schoolhouse, and everybody was welcome to the feast."

A novel way of the disposal of babies during the services:

"As soon as the family arrives at the little wooden church, and the reindeer is secured, the papa Lapp shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and mamma Lapp wraps baby snugly in skins and deposits it therein. Then papa piles the snow around it, while the parents go decorously into church. Over twenty or thirty babies lie out there in the snow around the church, and I never heard of one that suffocated or froze."

A RECENT VISIT TO PEKIN.

BY C. B. ADAMS.

HUNCHBACK BRIDGE, SUMMER PALACE, PEKIN.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more enjoyable than our three days' sail in a house-boat up the Peiho River. After the dusty trains and thumping steamers, the peaceful glide through the golden autumn days and moonlight nights, on the winding stream, was the realization of the ideal in travelling. The brown stubble fields and the turning trees looked so like the Western world, it was difficult to believe that we were in the north of China. We could have sailed up that river much longer and not wearied of it. Pekin, however, was our destination. Early on the third morning we came to a stop in front of a very high battlemented wall, along whose base lines of laden camels were led; and groups of curious carts, with two large heavy wheels, no springs, and flat floors without seats, were waiting for hire. The camels were taking tea to Russia; the carts were Pekin carts in which the cross-legged occupant runs a fair chance of having his senses jolted out over the flag-paved highways leading to the capital.

This fate was not reserved for us, however, and we made the fifteen miles, during somewhat less than four hours, in sedan chairs carried by coolies. The swinging motion of a chair is very hard on an amateur back, and it was not without a sense of

relief that I saw we were approaching the walls of Pekin. Wheelbarrows, piled high with neatly cut crisp green cabbages, were the first things we saw on entering the outer gates. It was disappointingly a common place.

It was evening as we entered, just before the gates were closed. We were therefore spared the din and confusion of midday traffic, that we have since always regarded with increasing wonder and dismay. During the busy hours there is an uninterrupted procession of camels, carts, mule litters, chairs, very fat Chinamen astride of very little donkeys, the owners of the poor beasts running beside them to accelerate their pace by continual blows, musical wheelbarrows, heavily laden carts with tandem teams,

CITY WALL, PEKIN.

crowds of pedestrians—lines of wretched beggars squatting along the wall with their heads in the dust, mingling their pitiful petitions in shrill voices with the yells and imprecations of the drivers—so that the arch overhead echoes with deafening uproar

There are certain features which make the streets picturesque; the "bit of colour," so much in demand, is never wanting. The banks are showily carved and gilded; there are signs, streamers and tassels of all shades on the shops; big auction tents, made of thousands of bits of rag, where the energetic auctioneer begins at the highest possible price and bids *down*. There is an unending variety of combination in the colours worn by both sexes. The young women and children are wonderfully whitened and rouged to the eyebrows, with a streak of deep red in the middle of the lip, which is supposed to make the mouth look smaller.

Tartar women do not disfigure their feet as the Chinese people do. They wear shoes like the men, or with an elevation under the sole of the foot, the sole or heel being unsupported. The small-footed women, contrary to our ideas, walk a great deal, and even work in the fields, though, it must be confessed, their gait is

MULE LITTER.

neither rapid nor graceful, as they balance themselves with their arms. Both women and children wear artificial flowers in their hair, and rarely in the coldest weather any headdress, while the men have wadded hoods, fur ear-protectors and various kinds of hats. They wear the most beautiful silk gowns with what was originally a handsome silk jacket, but now marred by use and with a long line of black grease down the back from their queues.

All the well-to-do people dress in silk and satin, while the cotton, well wadded in winter, and sheep-skin worn with blue "skinny side out," protect the poorer.

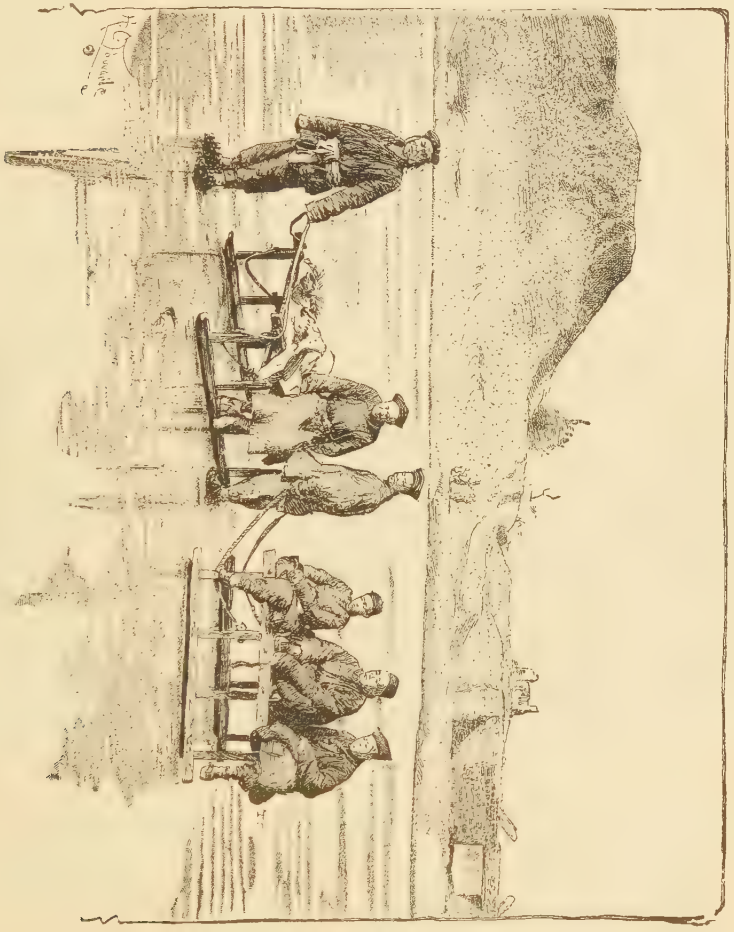
The mandarin himself proves disappointing, in the matter of style, from our standpoint. He has a sable coat, and a feather hanging from the button on his hat, but the regardless mingling of the old and new, and the dirty and clean, is incompatible with our ideas of a fine appearance. There is something dignified and graceful in his salutation as he shakes his own hands and makes a gracious bow. His formal and polite questions are, your age, your fortune, if your nest is full, and if smallpox has yet visited it. It is thought unfortunate if a child passes a certain age without having contracted this disease, it being comparatively without danger to the young.

We will put the beggars in, as the shadow in the street picture. Were there ever any people with so little of the human being about them! They are not even Chinamen—they have no pig-tails—but their thick black hair stands in a bushy mass about their smeared, haggard faces; their only covering a bit of sheep-skin that they hold about their shoulders, reaching half way to the knee, or a bundle of fluttering rags, little or no protection against the keen winter wind. Most trades in China are protected by guilds, and it is said neither beggars nor thieves are behind the more honourable professions in this respect. Each has its king, and you can insure your house against molestation.

Theft is punished in various ways—by whipping, branding, etc., according to the offence. It is not unusual to see men on the streets wearing the wooden collar, a heavy, large square of wood, with round hole fitted to the neck. It is called a cangue, and is applied as a punishment for stealing. The wearers do not seem to be shunned in consequence. Every one apparently jokes pleasantly with the culprits.

Chinamen in many ways are perfect children. They fly kites more than the little ones do, and watch the great paper dragons and fish as they float higher and higher, with placid enjoyment. One's attention is often attracted by a silent crowd, some seated, some standing around a man who, with suitable intonation and gesture, is reciting a story. He is a popular personage in Pekin, and his audience stay rapt in delightful suspense listening to his tales. They are very fond of animals, and walk about the streets with their pet birds perched on sticks. These are very tame, and are trained to fetch and carry things. Hawks are very popular with the story-tellers, and crickets during their short term of life, are in high demand. They are kept in little straw cages. Those who are musical like them for their song, and those who gamble

(and what Chinaman does not gamble?) spur them into fighting. Pigeons are used as messengers to carry the rates of exchange, and also to keep off the crows. They are provided with whistles on their tails, that make a peculiar sad moan as they fly. This only adds one sound more to the noisy town.



ICE SLEDGES ON THE CANAL.

Every kind of ware is hawked about the streets: travelling kitchens with soup, rice, and mysterious messes; the confectioner, with sticks of candied crab apples and peanut candy; the barber, plying his vocation at the door; the packman, with groups of women around him, choosing artificial flowers and trimming-silk; the knife-sharpener, the man who rivets china, the pedicure, each with his distinctive call, rattle, or bell; and the Taouist priest, banging his gong till he is paid to be quiet—all keep the echoes

lively. After nightfall each man as he walks along sings to keep away the evil spirits. There are street lamps, but they are only lighted on holy days, which nearly always fall on moonlight nights. No negro village can boast a larger percentage of dogs and children. The former are always fighting. Each house has its dog, and each dog its beat, on which he allows no other to come without a fight for the proprietary rights over the refuse his claim contains. The children are dirty, fat and good-tempered, rarely disputing or crying.

It is easy to see from the great number of undertakers' shops, filled with large and expensive coffins, how alive these people are to the requirements of the dead, if I may use the expression. Funerals are their most gorgeous pageants, and although they do not quite accord with our idea of elegance, still expense is not spared. The embroideries used on the bier are unsurpassed in beauty of material and design. Armies of ragamuffins decked out in all the paraphernalia of the occasion, bear red staffs and umbrellas, while a deafening music is kept up as the procession moves on. The family, dressed in white—which they wear as mourning for a prescribed time—follow in carts. They burn gold and silver paper that the deceased may have funds, horses, carts, houses or palaces, men and women servants; all he may want is burnt in effigy, often life size. He is buried with pomp; his descendants worship at his tomb, and any titles that may accrue to them revert to him, instead of descending to the children. Thus a man may die a coolie, and live in memory as a prince. When children die they are put in boxes, or oftener wrapped in a bit of matting and piled upon each other in a cart drawn by a large black bull, that goes the round of the town every two or three days; and the grim old man who drives it is the only one who lays the little dead away in a common ditch, where such a thin sprinkling of earth is spread over them, the dogs dig them out. Foreigners in the last year have paid to get the skulls buried that were kicked up by their horses' feet near the city gates. What a curious people to find such a difference between progenitor and progeny!

Housekeeping in China is not an absorbing occupation—the servants are trustworthy and efficient. It does not take long to grow philosophical about the dust, and realize that it is as impossible to keep a Pekin house free from it as from a sunbeam. There is a major-domo, known as a "head boy," who supervises the other boys and coolies. He is responsible for everything; makes purchases for the house, and is interpreter, and on everything bought by his master he gets what is known in the idiomatic English spoken in China as a "squeeze."

Coreans are seen in shoals on the street, at certain seasons of the year, when they come to bring tribute. Their white dress does not improve on close inspection, and to give an idea of their hats, which are made of horse-hair, they must be likened to the wire covers we put over butter to keep off the flies, with a brim added; the hair is twisted in a knot on the top of the head, which shows through. I speak of the men, as the women are never seen; even in their own country they emerge from their houses only after nightfall, when it is forbidden for a man to appear on the street.

RICE TERRACES.

Foreign residents are restricted entirely to officials, being composed of members of the English, Russian, United States, German, Belgian, Spanish, Dutch and Japanese legations, the custom service and the Tung Wen Kuan College. There are also a number of English and American missionaries, but they are occupied with good works and rarely appear among the worldly pleasure-seekers.

The only pleasant walk is on the city wall, a little world of itself, forty-two feet high. Trees, grass and wild flowers grow through the stones, and in the autumn it is bright with morning glories of every shade, and a good harvest of hay is gathered. No Chinese woman is allowed on the wall, but there are many neat little houses up there, inhabited by the lords of creation. They are expected to look after the place, so they settle them-

selves comfortably with their dogs and poultry, and pass the time, in mild weather, in gambling on mats in front of their doors. When the trees are bare there is a good view of the city, but as each house has its courtyard and trees, in summer the wall looks more like a town.

On a clear day the Western Hills are distinctly visible. This is the fashionable summer resort for the parched foreigners, and there for two months during the great heat, they escape from the unbearable damp, breathless city, and live in Buddhist temples. Colossal gods share your room, the bronze temple bell hangs at your door; the monotonous droning of the priest, as he beats the gongs and rings the little bells, to let the monster know there is an offering of indigestible-looking cakes made to him, wakens you betimes. Great gnarled Weymouth pines make a dense roof of green in the courtyard, where pools of purple lotus flowers wave their heads and roll the rain-drops on their broad flat leaves. The hill is covered with temples and graveyards, and paved paths lead up its steep sides from one to the other. Clear brooks bubble over the boulders down the ravine. The rocks are infested with scorpions and covered with maiden's-hair, and an edelweiss grows on the summit.

There is a tennis ground some two miles up the mountain, but it is questionable fun climbing to it, when there is the more solid enjoyment of a long wicker chair, on the breezy terrace, and an unending view over the vast plain waving with sorghum, corn and millet, and muddy Hunho rolling in the distance, and the setting sun gilding the pagodas and showering a flood of red light on the distant yellow roofs of the palace and walls of Pekin. It is a fertile plain, divided into small fields that bear their three crops a year, and that without fertilizer.

The vast number of streams and canals throughout the Flowery Empire compels the construction of a great number of bridges. In order, in that level country, where the streams almost overflow their banks, to enable sailing barges to pass without swinging or lifting bridge, the extraordinary structure, shown on page 35, is often adopted. It is exceedingly picturesque in effect, but must be very tiresome in practice to pedestrians and beasts of burden.

The rivers and canals in the northern provinces are frozen hard, and form a scarce less useful mode of travel and traffic than in summer, as shown by our cut on page 39.

The whole country is cultivated like a garden. Indeed, were it not so, it would be impossible to maintain its vast population. One of our cuts shows the method, in the more mountainous regions, of terracing the ground for the cultivation of rice, which has to be sown in the water.

CO-OPERATIVE INDUSTRY.

BY P. H. BURTON.

THE poet has said: "Man wants but little here below;" but a later poet has also said: "There's little that man does not want." Perhaps the latter version is the more correct, especially in our present state of *civilization.*

There have been some hermits who procured for themselves all that they needed—or at any rate all that they used—but isolation is the exception and not the rule. We must live in families, even in the rudest state of society. Man is the most helpless of all animals to withstand the changes of climate and procure his own food in his natural or wild state. As families become consolidated into tribes, and tribes into nations, and nations come to buy and sell of one another; as men come to increase their wants, either natural or artificial, and become more luxurious and critical in their tastes, their dependence on one another increases. As the power of the ruler is now largely supplanted by the power of the people; so the competition in manufactures, in trade, and almost every other pursuit, where large numbers have to be employed, has transferred a large proportion of the profits, that used to go to the employers, to the employés, and so far, I suppose, is being realized the old maxim "The greatest good to the greatest number."

It has been said in a certain famous document that "all men are born free and equal." Doubtless those who wrote it believed it, or in the truth, which perhaps they meant to maintain, of equal rights to all. But had they lived till now they would have seen gradually develop, under that constitutional declaration, as great inequalities of wealth and poverty as have ever existed. No doubt all men *ought to have* the same equal rights, but they don't. Certain it is that they are *not* all born equal—either in body, mind, capacity or opportunity.

It would seem only just that every one should labour in some department of life, and that each should receive a fair reward for his labour—which should be sufficient for his wants, if not for his tastes. Surely with the immensely increased productiveness of each individual, brought about by the enormous improvements in machinery, we ought, as a people, to be able to supply all our wants and even gratify, to a reasonable extent, our taste for luxuries, not only with one day's rest in seven, and ten or even eight hours of labour a day, but also, if we could check or even reduce

the waste, and remove or reduce the friction, to have also one day in seven for recreation. Unfortunately, that division of labour which is a necessary outcome of all organization, and which is a great economiser in production, seems, with our natural selfishness, to have produced apparently great diversities of interest, and thus to array class against class—the employer against the employé, the capitalist against the labourer—each one striving to get the most he can for his own, whether it be employment or service, money or labour. Can it be shown that the interests of all are common, that we ought not to be rivals but friends, that we are our brother's keeper, and that we could at the same time advance our own personal interests and the public good? Is there to be found a common bond under which all may work to advantage?

There is no doubt that such questions as these are the pressing ones of the present and the immediate future, both in Europe and America. This continent has for the past century afforded ample field for all who felt themselves crowded in Europe, either politically, socially, or in industrial occupation. Here, it has been the boast, was a country without any aristocracy but that of labour, and without any political restraints, except those imposed by the people themselves. Surely under such conditions every man should receive, not only justice but a fair reward for his labour, and a share of the comforts with the necessaries of life. But so rapid has been the development of its resources, and so vast the accumulation of wealth in individual hands, not from large landed estates as in Britain, but from the controlling of its railroads, telegraphs, and other means of communication; its immense quantities of food products, its rings and combines, that we find now the leader of the Farmers' Alliance in the States as an author of a novel picturing New York in the next century as a city of ten millions, in which the rich having become so much richer, and the poor so much poorer, as to be mere slaves for existence, that at last, maddened by their own poverty and sufferings, and incensed by the immense wealth and luxury of the higher classes, they form themselves into a secret society, and finally strike such a blow and commit such slaughter and devastation in the ranks of the wealthy as far exceed in horror and cruelty the worst scenes of the French Revolution.

This may seem somewhat overdrawn, but strong pictures are often very useful in calling attention to existing evils. Who that has watched, even superficially, the great consolidations of labour in immense factories, so as to utilize to the utmost the most improved machinery; and contrasting that with the old systems of hand labour in the homes; who that has seen grow into immense

proportions the trade and labour unions of all classes, and the antagonisms between labour and capital, but has felt that the harmonizing of the interests of both is one of the most important subjects of our time.

The poor find that they are often in absolute want, and mostly obliged to work all their time for a mere existence. They see the ease, comfort and luxury of the rich, and feel the great inequality. No wonder then that Socialism of the most extreme type, even anarchy, or anything that holds out to them the hope of improving their position, finds them ready listeners. When a man is doing well he is apt to pause and think before making any radical change; but the poor feel that any change is welcome, as nothing can be much worse than their present condition. Contemporary with the concentration of labour in large factories and centres is the rapidly increasing percentage of those who live in cities, and also the growth in these cities of the dangerous criminal and thriftless classes—who live by theft, begging, and crime—which seem to be the natural offspring of crowded houses and tenements. For instance, in Glasgow, in 1883, out of 115,000 families 41,000 lived in single rooms, and in 7,000 cases more than one family lived in one room. New York is about as bad, and from its tenement houses and cellars come sixty-six per cent of the mortality, and ninety per cent. of the crime of that city. When we couple with this the low qualifications of the franchise, it is not hard to see that the masses soon will rule, if they do not to-day. We cannot afford to let the uneducated, unemployed, dissatisfied and criminal class increase. There is nothing so good as occupation, and if with occupation we could couple sufficient wages to enable all to live comfortably, we should have got a long way towards settling our social problems. The entire reward of labour, and its power of accumulation in Britain and the United States, show that there is plenty for all if we could only distribute it properly. It is estimated that the wealth of Britain increased from £6,880,000,000 in 1870 to £8,410,000,000 in 1880. In the United States, for the same ten years, the increase was from £7,074,000,000 to £9,495,000,000, and as this increase represents the surplus over the current needs for that time it is evident that poverty is not caused by lack of wealth.

Is the present distribution unjust, and unequal, and can we make a better one? These are the questions of the day.

Some have advocated manual training as the solution of the question. Undoubtedly such education as will fit both boys and girls to best fill the positions in life they must occupy, and which is best suited to their tastes and powers, would immensely in-

crease the usefulness of all, and by giving more efficient and congenial labour improve the workers as well as the work. Also, if we could stop the waste from intoxicating liquors we should vastly help all industries. It has been estimated that the amount of money thus spent in Britain would pay the entire house rental of the kingdom, and pay for all the cotton and woollen goods consumed by its inhabitants. These would materially help the condition of the wage-earners, but would not ensure to them a fair distribution of the surplus of labour.

If the worker is entitled to a just share of the additional value accruing to the product of his labour, then I cannot see any solution of the question as to how each is to get that share apart from some system of co-operation. Co-operation is usually divided into three forms—co-operation of production, of distribution and of money-lending or banking. Co-operative productive societies are more numerous in France than in Britain. There are over forty in Paris alone, and also many in the provinces. In all of these societies the workmen supply the capital as well as the labour, and all participate in the net profits. The first instance in Britain was "The Mitchell Hay Co-operative Manufacturing Society of Rochdale," started in 1854. In 1865, the Sun Mill was started in Oldham, the capital being raised among the mill hands by the sale of shares of a par value of $25 each, and by 1882, seventy-one companies had been organized with a paid-up capital of $28,000,000, and all doing well. Oldham and Rochdale have both been good fields for these enterprises, because the people were accustomed to co-operative stores and their methods of distribution. They were also industrious, and well acquainted with the trade. It has been found that the discussions among the hands who were mostly shareholders, of the causes of large or small dividends, as the case might be, has given them an intelligent interest in their work, and produced economies in time, in material and in labour, that would not have been thought of or, at any rate, acted upon, if their own remuneration had not depended thereon. The competition of the managers of the various mills, the pride which each body of workers takes in its own mill, leads them to adopt all possible improvements in machinery and working, so that it is almost impossible for the management of any mill owned by workingmen to be defective for any length of time. Women are admitted as well as men, and attend the quarterly meetings, and I have not heard that any trouble has accrued from this recognition of "Woman's Rights." There are also co-operative concerns for printing, watch and nail-making, and worsted, hosiery and cutlery manufacturing on a small

scale, in which many, after paying seven-and-a-half per cent. on capital, return half the balance to the purchasers and half to the workers as an addition to the wages. But those I have mentioned in Rochdale and Oldham are the largest and most successful.*

Co-operation of distribution, or "Co-operative Stores," "Civil Service Supply Stores," etc., are much more numerous and successful all over Britain than Co-operative Societies for production only. They are, no doubt, most prominent and most successful in the manufacturing towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire—such as Rochdale, Oldham, Halifax, Brighouse, Dewsbury, Leeds, Sowerby Bridge, Hebden Bridge, etc. There is a Co-operative Union in Britain which meets annually for the discussion of all matters pertaining to its interests. It declares that:

"This Union is formed to promote the practice of truthfulness, justice and economy in production and exchange."

1st. By the abolition of all false dealings, either by representing any article produced or sold to be other than what it is known to the producer or vendor to be, or by concealing from the purchaser any fact known to the vendor, material to be known by the purchaser, to enable him to judge of the value of the articles purchased.

2nd. By conciliating the conflicting interests of the capitalist, the worker and the purchaser, through an equitable division among them of the funds commonly known as profit.

3rd. By preventing the waste of labour now caused by unregulated competition.

These propositions seem to me to cover the ground about as well as it is possible to do, and if even fairly well carried out, would, in my opinion, be the best possible means of reconciling labour and capital, and affording a decent livelihood to every worker. As an instance of the success of distribution, I have been furnished with the particulars of the "Brighouse District Industrial Society Limited," the special object of which is declared to be "to carry on the trade of general dealers, both wholesale and retail." This Society began operations in 1862, and sells all its goods at ordinary current rates. During the first year it had 334 members, with shares and deposits of £1,435 as capital. They sold £8,295, and made a net profit of £262, being about twenty per cent. on capital, and they returned to the shareholders 7d. in the £ on the amount of their *purchases*. By 1889 their membership had grown to 5,451, their shares and deposits to £81,650,

* In 1884 the net annual profits of seventy-one Oldham Joint Stock Mills was $1,370,000, or about 9½ per cent. on a paid-up capital of $14,880,000, which is a better average profit by far than on similar concerns which are *not* co-operative.

their sales to £220,000, the net profits to £37,000 or about 17 per cent. on capital, and returned to the shareholders three-fifths in the £ on the amount of their purchases. They had also a reserve fund of £3,900.

This is a very successful showing, and I believe this society carries out, as nearly as may be, the aims set forth in the "Co-operative Union." They have about thirty-five shops, in different parts, substantial but not pretentious. They don't require to advertise except in their own paper, *The Co-operative News*. They don't have to drum up their customers, for they come voluntarily. Their sales are all for cash, so they make no bad debts, and employ no collectors. They buy in large quantities and at lowest cash rates, and as all the employés are shareholders, there is every incentive to efficiency and economy. They sell to non-members as well as to members, and all purchasers are furnished with pass books in which the amount of their purchases are entered. In 1889, when members received back three-fifths in the £ on their purchases, non-members received one shilling. They deduct 15 per cent. per annum from the value of the fixtures at stock-taking, and 2½ per cent. on shops or warehouses. No member can own less than £5, nor more than £200 in shares, and the accounts are rendered twice a year. Their rules, the result of nearly thirty years' experience, seem calculated to produce the best possible results, with equity to all. I think that, as far as co-operative distribution is concerned, the Brighouse Industrial Society may fairly claim to have shown at once the practicability and the advantages of such a method.

I believe results somewhat similar are attained in all the other towns I have named, and this phase of co-operation is thus placed among the accomplished facts. I find that in 1886, 1,356 societies made returns of 911,800 members, doing a business that year of £30,000,000, and giving first, five per cent. on capital, £17,000 for educational purposes, and also eight per cent. returned to the purchasers on the amount of their purchases. In twenty-four years these societies returned to their members £33,000,000, which otherwise would have gone to the middlemen. As far as my observation goes, those towns where co-operation is most successful are also the most thrifty, temperate, and free from extreme poverty.

In co-operation in money-lending and banking Germany furnishes the best examples, arising, probably, in the first instance, from the scarcity of banks and institutions of credit in the smaller towns. Herr Schulyr, of Delitsch, a small town of 6,000 inhabitants, may be called the pioneer of these institutions—called

"Credit Unions," established in 1852. Each member must be able to work, and in regular employment, and hold an equal share of the Union, which might be paid up in full or by instalments. Dividends are only paid out, however, on fully paid-up shares; but profits are credited to the partly paid-up until they are fully paid. The shares must also be increased as the business increases, and though the Union may borrow where it can, it can only lend to its own members, and then only within certain limits. These Credit Unions have been very successful, and among the plodding, thrifty Germans, failures of them are very rare.

It only remains for me to notice now some of the best instances where employers have recognized the right of their employés to "profit-sharing," and have considered that the moral and material interests of their employés were also worthy of due consideration. It is all very well to talk of the law of supply and demand controlling and regulating all relations between capital and labour. It is, undoubtedly, the chief factor; but, like many other things, may be pushed to an extreme. The individual compelled to work at what an employer may offer, or starve, as in the case of the "sweating" practised in many of the large cities, is not in a position to stand out for his proper remuneration, and the weaker must go to the wall. In the early days of the cotton industry, after the introduction of improved looms and spindles, when it was found that children could do the work of adults in many things, children of five years of age were allowed to work from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m., and those of eleven or twelve to work the same hours in a temperature of 120°. In the coal pits, also, juvenile labour was employed to such an extent that the forms of boys and girls were distorted by the weights they had to carry. Half the infants died before the age of three, and the death-rate, under twenty, was larger than in the agricultural districts up to forty. The Government was obliged to interpose and to control, regulate, and restrict the hours of labour for all juveniles, to prevent positive physical deterioration. But as early as 1799, Robert Owen purchased the first cotton mills, erected by Arkwright, on the Clyde, discountenaced the employment of children, improved the hours of his workers, checked drunkenness and immorality, opened schools, distributed provisions at cost price, and provided insurance funds against old age, so that he practically distributed a large share of his profits among his workers and is considered, not only the father of co-operation, but the founder of infant schools in Britain.

The linen manufacturers "Rey Aîné," of Brussels, employ 3,000 people, supply all foods at wholesale cost, and require all to con-

tribute 3 per cent. of their wages to an invalid fund. From this every one receives half pay during sickness, besides medicine and attendance, and when a married man dies his widow is pensioned for a term of years. Fifteen years continual service entitles a man to $5.97 per month for life if invalided. Juveniles receive 10 per cent. interest on their deposits under $60.00, and 7½ per cent. over that, and adults receive 5 per cent., and when they have saved $200 a further sum is advanced, if desired, to build a house.

The famous house-painter, Leclaire, in Paris, began in 1842; shared his profits with his workmen in the way of a bonus on their wages, which has varied from twelve to eighteen per cent.; and twenty years' service, if fifty years of age, ensures a pension of $200 a year. He thus secured the best workmen, got the most profitable and particular jobs to be had, and induced his workmen, not only to do their work well, but to be economical of their material.

"Godin's Familistère," or, Associated Home at Guise, where 1,500 people live under one roof, is also a model institution. The management of the Iron Works was vested in a committee of working men. Under his superintendence, in five years, the profits were $1,000,000, of which $66,000 went to him as Director, $201,000 as interest on his capital, and $756,000 to the various stockholders and members of all classes of his "Familistère." By the articles of association it was agreed that M. Godin should appoint his successor for life, it being presumed that before that succession terminated the entire concern would have become the property of the operatives by the accumulation of their own profits.

Many of the concerns originally started by individuals, such as the Crossley's, of Halifax; Salt's, of Bradford; Henry's, of Manchester; Platt's, of Oldham; Ryland, of Manchester, have now become Limited Companies in which the shares are largely held by the employés, and the best results are thus attained.

Many more instances might be given, but I think I have given enough to show that the best way to ensure honest service, true interest, the best economy, and most efficient conduct of any concern is to share the profits. At the same time, when it is well understood that every one shall receive, as far as possible, a fair reward for, and a just participation in his own labour, the interests of both capital and labour are best conserved and made truly to co-operate, not only in a fair distribution of the results of labour, but in bringing about the good time of "peace on earth and goodwill to all men."

To sum up, the situation seems to stand thus: We see at the present day, capitalists, manufacturers and employers, ranged on one side, trying to get the greatest possible service for the least possible money; and on the other side workers, when they can combine in sufficient numbers, determined, as a sort of retribution, to get for themselves the greatest amount of money for the least possible service. When they cannot combine workers are often compelled by dire necessity to work for a mere subsistence, and are perfectly unable to protect themselves from the greed and selfishness of the "sweater." Now, as the labour of all is to supply the wants of the community, justice demands that every one shall have his fair share of the product of his own labour. The Word of God says: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." How then may we deny to man his fair remuneration? I care not whether you call it co-operation, profit-sharing, bonus or premium, let everyone settle for himself the way in which he will carry it out. But the best way to meet the present struggle between capital and labour, and to make them work in harmony, is to acknowledge the right of all to a fair compensation for, and participation in the products of their own labour; and self-interest, that most powerful motive, will impel faithful service and economic care. At the same time, the employer will feel that having made it the interest of his employés to be faithful and saving, he can, with less care and worry, perform his part of directing the concern along, with the feeling so helpful to all leaders, that his men are with him and not working at cross purposes. And to live in harmony is worth more than untold dollars, for "a good name is better than great riches."

Toronto, 1892.

POWER OF PRAYER.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure; but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day—
For what are men better than sheep and goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

THE VICTORIAN AGE.

BY REV. E. D. MACLAREN, M.A., B.D.

THERE is probably no period of similar length in the whole history of the world into which there has been crowded so much that is important and influential, as the period covered by the reign of Queen Victoria, upon whom, both because of her official position, and on account of her personal worth, we pray that the choicest blessings of heaven may rest. No thoughtful man can regard with indifference the reign of a sovereign who, for the long period of fifty-five years, has kept strictly within the limits of constitutional government, and at whose

> Council statesmen met
> Who knew the seasons—when to take
> Occasion by the hand, and make
> The bounds of freedom wider yet.
>
> By shaping some august decree,
> Which kept her throne unshaken still,
> Broad-based upon her people's will,
> And compassed by the inviolate sea.

Possibly no other occupant of the British throne may ever have to do with so many influential forces as those that brought about the disruption in the Church of Scotland, the abolition of the corn laws, the inauguration of the peaceful rivalries of international exhibitions, the Crimean war, the Indian mutiny, the removal of the political disabilities of the Jews, the laying of the trans-Atlantic cable, the Reform Act, the Confederation of the British North American Provinces into the Dominion of Canada, the dis-establishment of the Irish Church, the Abyssinian, the Ashantee, the Zulu, the Afghan and the Egyptian wars, the explorations in Africa of Moffat and Livingstone, and the consequent establishment of Christian missions in the very heart of "The Dark Continent." And if our survey be extended to include other interests than those that are purely British, it will be found that the Victorian age has witnessed the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope and the formation of a free and united Italy, the unification of the petty principalities of Germany into the great empire of Prussia, the bitter and bloody civil war of the American Republic, that resulted in the abolition of the curse of slavery in the Southern States, the awful shock felt by the whole civilized world of that Franco-German conflict that ended in the

Siege of Paris and the cruel outrages of red-handed Communism, the recognition by the great powers of Europe, as a means of settling international disputes, of that principle of arbitration that had already been acted on in the case of the Alabama claims, by the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the opening in all parts of the heathen world of "great doors and effectual" through which with eager zeal the followers of Christ have pressed to plant amid ancient philosophies or ignorant superstitions the blood-stained banner of the Cross. Perhaps the world is as yet in its infancy in regard to scientific research and inventive genius; but however great may be the progress made in the coming days, a peculiar glory will always attach to the age that witnessed the development of the idea of railroads and steamboats, that saw the introduction of the arts of photography, telegraphy, and telephony, and that even took the subtle, deadly, electric current and harnessed it to street cars and railway trains, or, hanging it aloft, bade it dispel the darkness of the night with an effulgence that almost rivals the splendour of the mid-day sun. To those who believe that God is immanent in His works, not a far-off, indifferent spectator of sublunary affairs, but actively present in the forces of nature and in the energies of humanity, and who, therefore, seek with reverent spirit to trace the footsteps of the Creator in the onward march of the human family, the study of such an age is tremendously important, and of fascinating interest. Of course even a cursory and superficial glance at the progress of events will disclose much that is discouraging; but it will also reveal a great deal that we ought to be profoundly thankful for. On the very surface are the indications of material prosperity and intellectual acumen, and if we look a little deeper we shall find that in regard to more important matters the trend of the nation's life has been in the right direction. On this anniversary of our Sovereign's birth it may not be unprofitable, and it certainly will not be inappropriate, for us to consider some of the encouraging features of the Victorian age.

1st. The ever-widening influence of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The progress made by the English-speaking people during the last fifty years is worthy of serious thought. Canada, from being an obscure uninfluential colony, has come to be one of the brightest gems in the diadem of Britain's Queen. In India the power of Christian truth and the influences of Christian civilization, which have been introduced under the protecting shield of British rule, are slowly breaking up the hard crust of social and religious usages that have prevailed for thousands of years. In Australia we have a whole continent possessed by Anglo-

Saxons; and there is every prospect of the independent colonies of which it is composed combining in the near future to form a magnificent Australian confederation. The development of British power in South Africa is regarded by many as an indication that ultimately that power will control the destinies of the whole African continent. And side by side with this increase of the original stock of the Anglo-Saxon race has been the marvellous growth of Britain's eldest daughter, the great American Republic. Unprincipled demagogues in both countries may seek to stir up strife and hatred; but all right-minded Britons will enthusiastically applaud America's Quaker poet, when, speaking for the best elements in American life, he sings:

O, Englishmen!—in hope and creed,
In blood and tongue our brothers!
We, too, are heirs of Runnymede;
And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed,
Are not alone our mother's.

"Thicker than water" in one rill,
Through centuries of story,
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
We share with you its good and ill,
The shadow and the glory.

Joint-heirs and kinsfolk, leagues of waves
Nor length of years can part us;
Your right is ours to shrine and grave,
The common freehold of the brave,
The gift of saints and martyrs.

Is it too much to expect that the severed ties will yet be reunited? Surely what so many have dreamed of will some day come to pass, and the world will see what a contributor to a late review was thinking of when he wrote:

Where is a Briton's Fatherland?
Is't English land or Scottish land?
Is't Wales, with many a wild ravine?
Is't Erin's groves and meadows green?
No; greater far it seems to me
A Briton's Fatherland must be.

Where is a Briton's Fatherland?
Is't Canada or Newfoundland?
Is't where, amid her lakes and isles,
St. Lawrence flows two thousand miles?
Oh, no! however grand they are,
My Fatherland is greater far.

Where is a Briton's Fatherland ?
Is't fair Natal or Caffreland ?
Is't where they rear the fruitful vines ?
Is't where the Afric diamond shines ?
No ; let me rove where'er I will,
My Fatherland is greater still.

Where is a Briton's Fatherland ?
Is't far Australia's coral strand ?
Is't where they dig the yellow gold ?
Is't where they gather flocks untold ?
No ; honour these well you may,
My Fatherland is more than they.

Where is a Briton's Fatherland ?
Is't India's bright and sunny strand ?
Is't where the hollow bamboo grows ?
Is't where the sacred Ganges flows ?
Ah, no ! they see the sun decline,
A greater Fatherland is mine.

Where is a Briton's Fatherland ?
What oceans bound that mighty land ?
Is't where the pilgrim fathers rest,
The great Republic of the West ?
No, no ! her stars above her set,
My Fatherland is greater yet.

Where is a Briton's Fatherland ?
Will no one tell me of that land ?
'Tis where one meets with English folk,
And hears the tongue that Shakespeare spoke ;
Where songs of Burns are in the air—
A Briton's Fatherland is there.

That is a Briton's Fatherland
Where brother clasps a brother's hand ;
Where pledges of true love are given,
Where faithful vows ascend to heaven,
Where Sabbath breathes a stillness round—
A Briton's Fatherland is found.

O may that Fatherland be still
Safeguarded by th' Almighty's will !
May Heaven prolong our times of peace,
Our commerce bless, our trade increase,
And wider yet the bounds expand
Of our Imperial Fatherland !

But, it may be asked, what encouragement for the world at large is to be found in the fact of the increasing influence of the Anglo-Saxon race? Simply this, that during the last hundred

years that race has done more for the world's advancement than all other races combined In scientific investigation, and in the work of civilization, in the opening up of new channels for trade and new countries for settlement, and in regard to education and literature and mechanical appliances, those who speak the English tongue have more than held their own with other nations in the struggle for supremacy. And in a far more important matter than any of these, in the matter of Bible circulation and missionary effort, there is simply no comparison between Britain and America, on the one hand, and all the rest of the world on the other. "Happy is that people that is in such a case."

2nd. The fuller recognition of the principle of human brotherhood.

Not the least hopeful sign of the age we live in is the interest that men take in one another. Ancient abuses are being rectified, and more fully than ever before the rights of all classes are being recognized. There is something touchingly beautiful and wonderfully encouraging in the deep anxious interest manifested by the public at large in the bitter conflicts that occasionally take place between capital and labour. And when it is seen that a wrong has been committed, when wealthy individuals or powerful corporations trample upon the rights of their fellow-men, the moral sense of the great body of the people is aroused, and ecclesiastics and statesmen unite to interfere, and pulpit and press persist in their denunciations of the wrong-doer until the wrong is redressed and truth and justice triumph. Never before in the history of the great British nation has so much attention been given to the great social problems that clamour for solution. Never before were so many leading men ready to give time and thought and anxious effort in order to bring contending classes to a truer appreciation of each other's position, and thus help to usher in the time—

> "When man to man, the world o'er,
> Shall brothers be."

"Happy is that people that is in such a case."

3rd. The higher regard that is paid to morality.

There is still vast room for improvement in the moral tone of our professedly Christian nation; but every one who is at all familiar with the social and political condition that prevailed at the beginning of the present century will feel profoundly thankful when he contrasts therewith the altered state of things that exists to-day. When, during the Soudan campaign, the Queen declined the offer of the services of a distinguished soldier who had brought upon himself well-merited disgrace, the moral judg-

ment of the nation endorsed the Queen's decision and proclaimed that in the interests of morality it was desirable that Baker Pasha should never again have the honour of wearing the uniform of a British officer. A few years ago the exposure of the immorality of Sir Charles Dilke brought his brilliant parliamentary career to an ignominious close and compelled his retirement into private life. Not long since, the world witnessed the pitiful downfall of the late great Irish leader, the result of his violation of the principles of morality. Such incidents as these show the direction of the moral currents of the nation's life. Let us hope that with increasing emphasis the moral sense of the nation will declare that while a premium must not be placed upon dulness, merely because it happens to be associated with morality or even with religion, still less must a premium be placed upon cleverness when divorced from principle or defiant of morality. "Happy is that people that is in such a case."

4th. The larger measure of activity displayed by Christians.

Perhaps in the coming days the great glory of the Victorian age will be the wonderful development that it witnessed of the spirit of missionary zeal. During the last half century the Christian Church has put forth more efforts to win the world for Christ than had been put forth during all the centuries that have elapsed since the early days of Christianity. The Gospel banner has been unfurled in all the chief countries of the heathen world; and at the same time earnest and sympathetic attempts have been made to evangelize the masses of practical heathen that are to be found at home. The energies of Christian men and women have gone out in all directions, and the beneficial results of these charitable and philanthropic efforts are visible on every hand. One very noteworty characteristic, destined, perhaps, to be the distinctive feature of the religious life of the Victorian age, is the disposition manifested by so many of the followers of Christ to heal the wounds of old ecclesiastical strifes, to draw nearer to one another in the bonds of common faith and so to assist in bringing about the answer to that sublime petition in their Lord's intercessory prayer: "That they all may be one; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." "Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord."—*The Canada Presbyterian.*

Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so, but then
Before Man made us citizens great Nature made us men.
—*Lowell.*

THIRTEEN MONTHS IN A LONDON HOSPITAL.*

BY A LADY PATIENT.

THIRTEEN months! They seem no more than a dream now they are over, but, oh, how long and weary they were at the time. To lie shut in between four walls, and those the walls of a London hospital, and just wait for a wound to heal that seemed as though it never would. Day after day, week after week, till the hot summer days gave place to those of the autumn and winter. Then to see the tokens (even there) of spring coming round again, and yet not healed. Unable all that time to even sit up in bed or to turn on either side. Well, it did need patience.

The three principal dates connected with my sojourn there are indelibly fixed in my mind. The day of my admittance; that of my operation; and the long-looked-for day of release, or, in hospital phraseology, of discharge. A brief account of my gleanings of hospital life during that period, as seen from a patient's standpoint, I have thought may have some interest for the readers of this magazine.

To begin with, then, the curiosity of those who not unnaturally will wish to know the cause of my entering the ward of a London hospital, shall be satisfied. The disease from which I was suffering might easily be described by the use of one technical term, but I prefer using language that all can understand. One winter's night I was quite suddenly attacked with severe pain in the right knee, with the result in a few days of a good deal of effusion in the joint. I was then living in a country village, six miles from the nearest town. A local practitioner was called in, who attended me very carefully. After a month's complete rest, with the aid of splints and crutches I was enabled to get about again for six or eight weeks, at the end of which time the knee gradually became worse. All the remedies tried having proved unavailing, it was decided to seek the advice of a leading London surgeon. Accordingly my friends wrote to the secretaries of several well-known hospitals to make enquiries as to a private apartment for me, but in each case the answer was returned that no accommodation was provided for private patients.

However, a governor of one hospital wrote that he could strongly recommend one ward of the institution with which he was con-

*We have pleasure in abridging from the *Sunday at Home*, this graphic account of the experiences of a hospital patient. It should inspire thankfulness that such admirable provision exists for cases of sickness and suffering; and sympathy with those called to undergo such experiences.—ED.

nected, as being a particularly pleasant one, where the patients were principally young people, with a bright and cheerful sister at its head; moreover, that the ward was under the charge of one of the leading surgeons of the day, who was particularly clever in diseases of the knee-joint. As the first consideration before my mind at the time was how best my malady might be cured, I consented, not without some inward qualms, to make the venture. And in taking a retrospective glance over my past experiences, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that, in spite of much that was at first trying to the nerves and painful to the feelings, it was in every way better to be in a ward with others than shut away in an apartment by myself. As time went on, and I got accustomed to my new and strange surroundings, I could not but be interested in the busy scene constantly going on around me, and in contemplating the various characters with which I was now brought into contact, all of which made the time hang less heavily at first than it otherwise might have done. But to me, whose life had hitherto been spent in the quiet and uneventful routine of a country rectory, an entirely new phase of existence was presented to view: one I do not at all regret having become acquainted with, and one by which many lessons were gained, which very probably could have been learnt in no other way.

The invalid carriage of the railway company having been secured, the journey to London was taken, though with great increase of suffering. It was not until late in the afternoon that I reached my destination, somewhat exhausted, but greatly relieved to have accomplished the trying and painful journey, and full of hope that the superior treatment I was now to receive would soon set me free again.

Much to my relief, I found myself assigned to the corner bed of a row of four, and right thankful I felt to be resting again, although the bed seemed to me so tiny that I wondered how I would manage to remain in it. Having said farewell to my father and the nurse who accompanied me, I was given a cup of tea, and then left to rest until the house-surgeon came up for his evening round at eight o'clock, at which time the lights were put out and all talking ceased.

To my uninitiated mind, the first impression was of a roughness and want of gentleness and sympathy in the whole atmosphere that surprised me. The sister and nurses had that quick manner that is so often observable in people who live in a constant drive, always hard at work, yet never able to overtake the duties that crowd upon each other. Of course the publicity too was exceedingly trying to the feelings, especially to one who was naturally of a quiet and shy disposition, and slow in making friends.

Never to be free from the gaze of those around seemed to me very embarrassing; indeed, what with pain and uneasiness, loneliness and want of sympathy, and anxiety as to the future, for the first fortnight I felt so utterly miserable that I verily believed I could never remain there. Had I then been told that I should afterwards become not only perfectly at home, but contented and happy amidst surroundings so uncongenial, I should have thought it an impossibility.

But now a word or two as to my companions. To judge from their high spirits and cheerful looks, one would have imagined there was nothing the matter with any of them; though in a surgical ward, they were of course not medically ill. Speaking generally, soon after a patient came in, she would be operated on, and, perhaps, be ill for a day or two, then would apparently seem as well as ever. Four or five of them had been in the hospital for some considerable time, and therefore were quite established there. In the bed at the foot of mine, standing lengthways, and across which I could see into the outer ward, was a lady patient, whose companionship for six months of the time was very pleasant, and who did much towards helping me to feel at home.

In the next bed to mine was a pleasant, good-natured girl, with something wrong with her knee, from which, however, she did not appear to suffer much, and she looked remarkably well. It was not until the second day after my arrival that she ventured to address me by enquiring my name, and what I wished to be called, as all the patients in this ward were called by their Christian names, unless married, when it would be Mrs. ——. I gave her the necessary information, and was then asked whether I had come there for an operation, to which I replied not that I was aware of. But this query presented to my mind an entirely new idea, for it had never occurred to me till then that my disease might require that remedy, and the very thought struck a chill of dread through me, though happily that feeling was much mitigated before the time of trial drew near.

My first acquaintance with the surgeon, whom I will call Sir William, took place the following day, and his whole manner and appearance inspired me with confidence. He was a man of few words, but beneath a calm and dignified exterior, one could at once perceive there lay much kindliness and sympathy, and by his gentle and courteous manner, he won the esteem of all. Towards myself he invariably manifested the utmost kindness and consideration, which went a long way towards reconciling me to my position. Though I was never given any information as to the extent of the disease in my knee, I felt perfectly satisfied that the very best was being done for me.

The events of that afternoon are as fresh in my mind as if they had occurred but yesterday. A woman was brought into the ward, looking very ghastly with a diseased arm-bone; when Sir William saw her he decided that it was necessary to remove a portion of it without delay. Screens were therefore placed around the bed, chloroform was administered, and the operation was performed. But in the meantime, her cries and protestations were distressing to listen to, and were almost more than I could bear, though by pressing my ears tightly I managed to deaden the sound. When it was over, Sir William, perhaps thinking of what was before me, came down to my bed, put his hand on mine and said: "Poor child, this is a severe beginning for you, but she did not feel it at all." "Didn't she?" was my only and incredulous ejaculation; nevertheless his kind thoughtfulness from that moment won my heart.

But I must here add that it was of very rare occurrence that an operation was performed in the ward. Only in cases of emergency, and of a trivial character, did they ever take place. This, therefore, was quite an exceptional case; but as it happened so soon after my entrance, together with my previous ignorance of anything of the kind, it naturally impressed me deeply.

On the same landing was a men's ward, containing fifteen beds, which was presided over by the same house-surgeon and sister as ours. Three days a week the theatre was open to Sir William for the performance of operations connected with these two wards.

For the first month or so, it was painful to me even to see the trolley brought in on which patients were wheeled to and from the theatre, but by-and-by, as I became accustomed to the sight, it failed to produce any such effect. And this, not because my feelings were in any way hardened to the sense of suffering—for I emphatically deny that familiarity with pain and sickness has of necessity a deadening effect on the sympathies. But when I came to see that in almost every case the anticipation of what had to be undergone, proved far worse than the reality, while I felt none the less commiseration for actual suffering, the mere sentimental feeling was rubbed off.

Again, I believe it would surprise many people, as it did me, to know to what apparently painful treatment a person may be subjected with little or no suffering. For instance, several of the patients in our ward were "dressed" either every day, or on alternate days. This meant syringing the wound, or probing it, as the case might be; inserting a fresh drainage tube, putting on fresh gauze and bandages. All this was done with very little or no pain to the patient, who would always feel quite comfortable, and be hardly conscious of anything being wrong with her. To

take my own case as an example: for twelve months my knee was dressed once a week, at first oftener, when there were three tubes in it; but except the first time, which was the day after the operation, the actual dressing never hurt me in the least, though occasionally any movement of the limb while it was being bandaged might cause a little pain.

Soon after I came in, and again in about three weeks' time, Sir William aspirated my knee in order to find out how far the disease had progressed, and, as I afterwards learnt, to see if he could save the limb from amputation. This I own, was rather painful for a minute or two, though I would not betray my feelings, for it always seemed to me ungracious to create a commotion, when Sir William did everything in the gentlest manner possible. The following day he gave me the first intimation I had had of the serious character of my disease, by saying, with a reassuring smile, "Well, I think we can save the leg." I suppose I showed the surprise I felt in my face, for he then added: "You did not think it was so bad, did you?"

"No," I answered, "I did not, though I felt sure it would not get well without an operation of some sort."

He had decided to excise the knee joint, and the operation was to take place in a few days. I have no doubt that an extra supply of courage was given me by God for the occasion, and those around me were surprised at my cheerful demeanour. But the explanation lay in my having rested my whole weight on the promise: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." I knew this would be fulfilled to me in the hour of trial, and so it was.

Just before two o'clock in the afternoon two of the dressers brought the trolley into the ward, and lifted me on it. Sir. William was not quite ready, so they wheeled me close up to my friend's bedside, and we had a little chat while I was waiting Presently the summons came, and I was wheeled through several long passages into the theatre, the sister walking by my side. When there I noticed nothing except that there were a good number of doctors sitting round, for I immediately closed my eyes preparatory to inhaling the chloroform.

The comparatively easy way in which chloroform was administered surprised me. I had previously imagined it to be attended by a horrible feeling of suffocation; whereas I experienced nothing of the kind. The towel, an end of which was saturated with the liquid, was held by a doctor standing behind me, above my face, and I merely inhaled until I became insensible.

When consciousness returned I was comfortably settled once more in my little bed in the corner, and feeling greatly relieved that it was over. For the first few hours the knee was painful, but after morphia had been injected, sleep came, and on awaking the pain had considerably decreased; though during the next few days I felt inexpressibly weary, and could do little else but doze.

I certainly think that but for the great care and attention bestowed on me by the nurses at that time, it would have gone hard with me. The staff, one who thoroughly understood her work, and was always bright and cheerful, was particularly kind.

In the course of two or three weeks I quite recovered strength, indeed, I felt much better, both in health and spirits, than before; and between reading and needlework every moment was occupied, so that the time never seemed long. I think it was a matter of astonishment to friends who came to see me, when, in answer to their query, I assured them my back never ached, as it also was to know how well we were able to sleep at night, in spite of sounds in the streets outside, nurses passing to and fro, and the firelight within. Yet it is a well-known fact that habit becomes second nature; and, certainly, my hospital experiences taught me to believe that we can accustom ourselves to almost anything.

But what did disturb our rest occasionally was the entrance of an accident case into the ward, or the screaming of a baby. It certainly was very provoking after we had got comfortably off to sleep, to be awakened in this way, and our tempers were often tried to their utmost limit. During the day-time there generally was some charitably-disposed patient, who out of compassion for herself and others would offer to nurse for a while a fractious baby; but this could not be in the night, as the nurse must not then allow it to contract the bad habit of being carried about in her arms. I remember, in particular, one child of about twelve or fifteen months, who was brought in for treatment of a hair-lip, and was a regular young Tartar. Between us we had managed to get him into good order before he was operated on, after which, at any cost, he must not be allowed to cry for fear of straining the lip. The little rogue was quick enough to discover his advantage, and consequently led the poor nurse a hard life.

The other annoyance to which we were now and then subjected was of a rather more unpleasant character. Sometimes the patient brought in was not sober; in fact, accident cases were generally the result of drunken brawls. There was no special ward for the reception of such cases, so that the three or four surgical wards in the hospital took them in in turn; and, as can well be imagined, it was always a matter of congratulation to us

if, when our turn came round, the beds were all occupied, and the patient had to be received elsewhere.

I must say that nothing filled me with so much admiration for the nurses as the patience and forbearance they invariably displayed towards these people. About five or six such cases were brought in during the thirteen months that I was there, and it always seemed to me the most trying part of a nurse's duty to attend to a patient of this description, when first admitted. They were then often most trying to manage, yet I never knew a nurse to lose her patience. After the first night they would be as quiet and well-behaved as possible; and they generally left looking far more respectable than when they were brought in, and very grateful for the kindness shown them while there. It was amusing to hear one woman, who strongly objected to the process of being made fit to be seen, exclaim in a piteous tone of voice, "Nurse, is there no charity in this world?"

About a month after our Christmas festivities, I was taken, quite unexpectedly, very seriously ill; and at one time the thread on which my life hung was a very slender one. Although every possible remedy was tried by the doctors, they feared it would be impossible for me to pull through, and I myself was of quite the same opinion. That I did ultimately recover I shall always attribute to the many and earnest prayers that were offered up for me at that time.

Here I may add that it was very rarely that any patient died in our ward. During the whole time that I was there, with the exception of a child dying of tracheotomy, only two deaths occurred, and those were of quite elderly people. One was brought in in an almost hopeless condition, and died the following day. She was in a bed next to me, but all was over before I knew she was dying. Of course, screens are placed round the bed immediately it is known that a patient is dying, the last offices are performed at once, and the body removed in a shell to the mortuary. The bed is then freshly prepared, and in an hour's time is again ready for the next occupant.

As I have already mentioned, I had all along an implicit confidence that all was being planned and arranged by a higher than any earthly power, and although the time seemed often long and weary, yet I knew God's way was best. Moreover, it was the way that I myself should have chosen, could I have seen the end from the beginning, as He did. And on looking back over the past, I can honestly say I would not have missed the experience of His love and faithfulness for anything. "We went through fire and water, and Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place."

RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY.*

BY BISHOP WARREN, D.D.

SHOOTING-STARS, METEORS, AND COMETS.

Before particularly considering the larger aggregations of matter called planets or worlds as individuals, it is best to investigate a part of the solar system consisting of smaller collections of matter scattered everywhere through space. They are of various densities, from a cloudlet of rarest gas to solid rock; of various sizes, from a grain's weight to little worlds; of various relations to each other, from independent individuality to related streams millions of miles long. When they become visible they are called shooting-stars, which are evanescent star-points darting through the upper air, leaving for an instant a brilliant train; meteors, sudden lights, having a discernible diameter, passing over a large extent of country, often exploding with violence, and throwing down upon the earth aerolites; and comets, vast extents of ghostly light, that come we know not whence and go we know not whither. All these forms of matter are governed by the same laws as the worlds, and are an integral part of the whole system—a part of the unity of the universe.

Everyone has seen the so-called shooting-stars. They break out with a sudden brilliancy, shoot a few degrees with quiet speed, and are gone before we can say, "See there!" The cause of their appearance, the conversion of force into heat by their contact with our atmosphere, has already been explained. Other facts remain to be studied. They are found to appear about seventy-three miles above the earth, and to disappear about twenty miles nearer the surface. Their average velocity, thirty-five, sometimes rises to one hundred miles a second. They exhibit different colours, according to their different chemical substances, which are consumed. The number of them to be seen on different nights is exceedingly variable; sometimes not more than five or six an hour, and sometimes so many that a man cannot count those appearing in a small section of sky. This variability is found to be periodic. There are everywhere in space little meteoric masses of matter, from the weight of a grain to a ton, and from the density of gas to rock. The earth meets 7,500,000 little bodies every day—there is collision—the little meteoroid

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gives out its lightning sign of extinction, and, consumed in fervent heat, drops to the earth as gas or dust. If we add the number light enough to be seen by a telescope, they cannot be less than 400,000,000 a day. Everywhere we go, in a space as large as that occupied by the earth and its atmosphere, there must be at least 13,000 bodies—one in 20,000,000 cubic miles—large enough to make a light visible to the naked eye, and forty times that number capable of revealing themselves to telescopic vision. Professor Peirce is about to publish, as the startling result of his investigations, "that the heat which the earth receives directly from meteors is the same in amount which it receives from the sun by radiation, and that the sun receives five-sixths of its heat from the meteors that fall upon it." But this is not received by other astronomers.

In 1783 Dr. Schmidt was fortunate enough to have a telescopic view of a system of bodies which had turned into meteors. These were two larger bodies followed by several smaller ones, going in parallel lines till they were extinguished. They probably had been revolving about each other as worlds and satellites before entering our atmosphere. It is more than probable that the earth has many such bodies, too small to be visible, revolving around it as moons.

Sometimes the bodies are large enough to bear the heat, and the unconsumed centre comes to the earth. Their velocity has been lessened by the resisting air, and the excessive heat diminished. Still, if found soon after their descent, they are too hot to be handled. These are called aerolites or air-stones. On the evening of December 21st, 1876, a meteor of unusual size and brilliancy was seen in the western part of Kansas, at an altitude of about sixty miles. It was accompanied by terrific explosions, and was seen along a path of not less than a thousand miles. It appeared as large as the full moon, and with a train from twenty-five to one hundred feet long. One fell in Weston, Connecticut, in 1807, weighing two hundred pounds. A very destructive shower is mentioned in the book of Joshua, chap. x., ver. 11.

These bodies are not evenly distributed through space. In some places they are gathered into systems which circle round the sun in orbits as certain as those of the planets. The chain of asteroids is an illustration of meteoric bodies on a large scale. They are hundreds in number—meteors are millions. They have their region of travel, and the sun holds them and the giant Jupiter by the same power. The Power that cares for a world cares for a sparrow.

It is demonstrated that the earth encounters more than one

hundred such systems of meteoric bodies in a single year. It passes through one on the 10th of August, another on the 11th of November. By the perturbations of planetary attraction, or by different original velocities, a comet may be lengthened into an invisible stream, or an invisible stream agglomerated till it is visible as a comet.

Comets will be most easily understood by the foregoing considerations. They are often treated as if they were no part of the solar system; but they are under the control of the same laws, and owe their existence, motion, and continuance to the same causes as Jupiter and the rest of the planets. They are really planets of wider wandering, greater ellipticity, and less density. They are little clouds of gas or meteoric matter, or both, darting into the solar system from every side, at every angle with the plane of the ecliptic, becoming luminous with reflected light, passing the sun, and returning again to outer darkness. Sometimes they have no tail, having a nucleus surrounded by nebulosity like a dim sun with zodiacal light; sometimes one tail, sometimes half a dozen. The orbits of some comets are enormously elongated; one end may lie inside the earth's orbit, and the other end be as far beyond Neptune as that is from the sun. Of course only a small part of such a curve can be studied by us: the comet is visible only when near the sun. The same curve around the sun may be an orbit that will bring it back again, or one that will carry it off into infinite space, never to return. They may all belong to the solar system; but some will certainly be gone thousands of years before their fiery forms will greet the watchful eyes of dwellers on the earth. A comet that has an elliptic orbit may have it changed to parabolic by the accelerations of its speed, by attracting planets.

The number of comets, like that of meteor streams, is exceedingly large. Five hundred have been visible to the naked eye since the Christian era. Two hundred have been seen by telescopes invented since their invention. Some authorities estimate the number belonging to our solar system by millions; Professor Peirce says more than five thousand millions.

The unsolved problems pertaining to comets are very numerous and exceedingly delicate. Whence come they? Why did they not contract to centres of nebulæ? Are there regions where attractions are balanced, and matter is left to contract on itself, till the movements of suns and planets add or diminish attractive force on one side, and so allow them to be drawn slowly toward one planet, and its sun, or another? Our sun's authority extends at least half-way to the nearest fixed star, one hundred thousand

times farther than the orbit of the earth. Meteoric and cometary matter lying there, in a spherical shell about the solar system, balanced between the attraction of different suns, finally feels the power that determines its destiny toward our sun. It would take 167,000,000 years to come thence to our system.

The conditions of matter with which we are acquainted do not cover all the ground presented by these mysterious visitors. We know a gas sixteen times as light as air, but hydrogen is vastly too heavy and dense; for we see the faintest star through thousands of miles of cometary matter; we know that water may become cloudy vapour, but a little of it obscures the vision. Into what more ethereal, and we might almost say spiritual, forms matter may be changed we cannot tell. But if we conceive comets to be only gas, it would expand indefinitely in the realms of space, where there is no force of compression but its own. We might say that comets are composed of small separate masses of matter, hundreds of miles apart; and, looking through thousands of miles of them, we see light enough reflected from them all to seem continuous. Doubtless that is sometimes the case. But the spectroscope shows another state of things: it reveals in some of these comets an incandescent gas—usually some of the combinations of carbon. The conclusion, then, naturally is that there are both gas and small masses of matter, each with an orbit of its own nearly parallel to those of all the others, and that they afford some attraction to hold the mass of intermingled and confluent gas together. Our best judgment, then, is that the nucleus is composed of separate bodies, or matter in a liquid condition, capable of being vaporized by the heat of the sun, and driven off, as steam from a locomotive, into a tail. Indications of this are found in the fact that tails grow smaller at successive returns, as the matter capable of such vaporization becomes condensed. In some instances, as in that of the comet of 1843, the head was diminished by the manufacture of a tail.

Will comets strike the earth? Very likely, since one or two have done so within a recent period. What will be the effect? That depends on circumstances. There is good reason to suppose we passed through the tail of a comet in 1861, and the only observable effect was a peculiar phosphorescent mist. If the comet were composed of small meteoric masses a brilliant shower would be the result. But if we fairly encountered a nucleus of any considerable mass and solidity, the result would be far more serious. The mass of Donati's comet has been estimated by M. Faye to be $\frac{1}{20000}$ of that of the earth. If this amount of matter were dense as water, it would make a globe five hundred miles in diameter;

and if as dense as Professor Peirce proved the nucleus of this comet to be, its impact with the earth would develop heat enough to melt and vaporize the hardest rocks. Happily there is little fear of this: as Professor Newcomb says, "so small is the earth in comparison with celestial space, that if one were to shut his eyes and fire at random in the air, the chance of bringing down a bird would be better than that of a comet of any kind striking the earth." Besides, we are not living under a government of chance, but under that of an Almighty Father, who upholdeth all things by the word of his power; and no world can come to ruin till he sees that it is best.

Some aerolites have a texture like our lowest strata of rocks. There is a geology of stars and meteors as well as of the earth. M. Meunier received the Lelande Medal from the Paris Academy for his treatise showing that, so far as our present knowledge can determine, some of these meteors once belonged to a globe developed in true geological epochs, and which has been separated into fragments by agencies with which we are not acquainted.

Dr. O. Hahn, a German lawyer, proves the existence of organic remains in the stones that come from space. Minute inspection has discovered in them a quantity of organic remains, principally belonging to the most ancient form of porous corallines, to the genus of fossil zoophytes denominated Favosites, or at least bearing a very strong resemblance to these latter, though of a still smaller type. About fifty kinds of these tiny animals have been made out by Dr. Hahn, and assigned to sixteen different families. They must have existed in water warm enough never to freeze down to the bottom. Where are we to seek for this water, if Professor Schiaparelli tells us that meteorites do not belong to our solar system, but are intruders from without? Very strange is the complete resemblance of all the cuttings examined to one another, though, as stated, they belong to stones fallen at different periods in all parts of the globe. Are these parts of an exploded world, or have these little worlds developed life in a manner similar to larger ones?

Never with blasts of trumpets
  And the chariot wheels of flame
Do the servants and sons of the Highest
  His oracles proclaim.
And when grandest truths are uttered,
  And when holiest depths are stirred,
When God Himself draws nearest,
  The still, small voice is heard.

—*From "The Palace of the King."*

A WOMAN'S FIGHT WITH THE MONSTER.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER XII.—THE TOUCH OF MIDAS.

When mid-October came, golden and gracious, there was no inhabitant in Roc's Egg but the five in Hannah's cabin. Five—uncommonly short of clothes and provisions. Mike and Mandy, aided by good Araby, had gathered a store of fuel—that would not come short; there were wrecked cabins left to burn; and now as an effort was being made to rebuild part of Touchstone, Mike proclaimed his intention of going there to get high wages for the week or two that he could, and so invest in flour, shoes, and other necessary articles.

"Me heart," said Mike, "is teetotally broken intirely, to see the loikes of Miss Hillary's little lame feet in them ragged bits of shoes. Yees needn't try to fool me, Miss Hillary, makin' believes to be too lazy to go out; it's the blissid truth, yees stop in because yer shoes have neither soles nor tops, as I'm a livin' man."

"Well, Mike," laughed Hillary, "you needn't be ashamed of my company, for I might say your hat has neither brim nor crown!"

"Ashamed is it!" cried Mike, "a big sinner like me ashamed of bein' wid a pair of angels, likes you and Miss Hannah!"

So Mike went off to Touchstone, and the women folks remained—with nothing to do—in their cabin. Cook they could not, for lack of material; sew or mend or make, equally they could not, they had nothing with which to set a patch. This state of inaction drove Hannah nearly frantic. Nothing was left her but some pens, ink, and a few quires of foolscap. She reverted to the dreams of her early girlhood; and, to keep herself from going mad or morbid, resolved to write. She need fear no one, where no one was to fear. The gulch, with its ragged rocks and torn earth, became her study. There she sat, studying nature and writing, until she had two or three very good magazine articles on the men and life and methods of such a place as Roc's Egg. Fortunately, she was too severely practical to romance over things which she had never seen, and she wrought fairly well, because she wrought truly.

Then her paper gave out; and, having read her articles to Mrs. Earl, Hillary, and Mandy, all of whom thought her surely the finest genius of the nineteenth century, Hannah sat in enforced inaction for a few days, until she was again desperate.

They had been having dinner—not much of a dinner, for sure—and now the board was as clean as if an army of locusts had been down upon it. Hannah remembered in after days what rare fine air that was for making folks hungry, and how she had appreciated that line of Burns' grace:

"Some can eat, and hae na meat!"

There they all sat—Hannah, as house-mistress, at the head of the empty table; Mrs. Earl, white, faded, meek-faced, behind a brown tea-pot, that had held wild-herb tea of Mandy's decoction; Mandy at one side, venting great gloomy sighs; Hillary, as like a fair snow-drop as ever, placid and patient. Hannah looked at her family. It was "borne in on her" that she must bestir herself. She leaned back in a chair of Mike's manufacture, and clasped her strong, beautiful hands behind her head. What a Hannah she was! Those masses of half waving, silky brown hair, loosely twisted, with not nearly pins enough to hold them; the soft, white column of her neck, and the sculptured oval of her face, rising above the white ruffles she still continued to wear. The famous gown was too short, from mending and shrinkage; it came only to her ankles. Her feet were cased in a pair of wrecked old boots, that she had patched and mended and forced to hold together in spite of time. Hannah surveyed her shoes and the darns and patches of her gown. Quoth Hannah: "I'm going mining."

"Troth, honey, why would yees spoil yer pretty hands digging dirt not worth a shillin' a ton?" demanded Mandy.

"Dear Hannah," suggested Hillary, "it will be worse for your gown and your shoes, and really there isn't a bit of gold left here, or the men would have found it long ago."

"I've done everything else here," said Hannah. "I've nursed the babies and the sick, taught Doon's boy to read and write, kept house, mended, made garden, and used up all my foolscap. There is nothing left for me to do unless I mine, and so I *will* mine. I cannot stay idle. We came out here to dig and wash dirt. I have done neither. Evidently my destiny is unfulfilled. Hillary, do you want to come down to the gulch?"

"I can't," said Hillary, whose shoes were not good for so far.

"All right," said Hannah; "I'll go. You'll see me back at supper-time."

Then she kissed them all round, Mandy and all, put her father's pickaxe over her shoulder, and held the washing-pan by its ring in the hand that held the pick; she took the shovel in her other hand, and, with her coarse straw hat on her head, set off with an elastic step for the gulch, the October sun blessing and illuminating her figure—as handsome a young miner as one could wish to see. Down at the gulch, Hannah dropped pan and pick, and leaned on her spade and thought a while. She lifted her brown eyes to the sky, and her thought was a prayer. She and hers were alone and desolate; as cast away on this bit of lonely land as ever a shipwrecked crew on an island. But what Hannah wanted or needed to ask she did not really know; lest she might ask amiss, her prayer was:

"My Lord, do for me what is best, and let my will run with Thy will."

For Hannah lived in a daily simplicity of prayer, bringing all her life's little and great things to the good Father. It was not that even now Hannah craved a fortune, or thought of finding

one; but the impulse to do something was strong in her. She was one of those to whom it is impossible to sit in idleness, and she really would have been glad to find an ounce of gold grains, leaves, or dust, and be able to buy shoes for Hillary and herself, and wear less disreputable flannel frocks. She thought, with a girl's pretty pride, what should she do if Jerome came back and found her in that same old blue flannel, grown rougher, more patched, and scanter, with these months of wear? Thinking of Jerome, she strayed about a little, and made a breast-knot of some late wild-flowers. Then she gave a very dissatisfied peck at one or two well-drained pockets, pockets as exhausted as those of a spendthrift heir. She had heard the miners tell of pockets that had yielded ten, twenty, thirty thousand dollars. They were not at Roc's Egg, though. Her father's five-thousand-dollar find had been the one big thing there. She gave a little sigh over that bit of claim which her father had gambled away, and a disrespectful poke with the toe of her torn boot to that wretched spot where Dyke had never found anything, and poor Mike had shovelled and washed himself weary—it was more dug out than any, owing to big Mike's exertions.

"It's no use standing idle this way," said Hannah; "I might just as well be up at the house, with my hands in my lap, wishing for cloth to sew. I'll shut my eyes and walk while I count fifty, and then strike my spade, and mine wherever it hits. That is the only amusing plan I can make out here."

So she shut her eyes, marched around counting aloud, then struck down with her spade, and opened her eyes to find, to her disgust, that she had hit full in what had always been called "Dyke's bad lot."

"However," said Hannah, "one must do the best one can. I can get work and mental distraction as well here as elsewhere; and now, at it till the sun touches the horizon-line yonder, like a big red ball."

Some girls might have envied Hannah, most would have despised, for the way she worked. Those well-moulded white arms were strong, and her chest rose and fell right easily, while the red colour mantled into her cheeks, and, from the mere leaping of the healthy blood in her veins, the girl's spirits rose, and she was happy in spite of fate. Those of us who lace up our young daughters' waists, and put their feet in high-heeled boots a size below natural, and weight them with too long and gorgeous skirts, and debar them of exercise until they are pale and stooped and hectic, and have flaccid muscles, and short breath, and aching heads and spines, rob the dear creatures of half their youth and of the best part of their heritage on earth. And yet, even in this degenerate age, there are girls like Hannah, who have every muscle under control, and can put a hand on a stone wall or a horse's shoulder, and so swing themselves into a seat, as comfortably as a boy; and these girls are all the handsomer as well as all the happier for it.

Now, because Hannah was working on a "no-good claim," she did not think it needful to be negligent. She flung out the shovelfuls into the pan, and washed them at the little brook—and saw never a bit of gold. But, keen-eyed as she was, she saw earth that did not belong to the surrounding earth. There was a slight difference.

"That's queer," said Hannah; "somebody has thrown that here."

And so she dug a number of shovelfuls and tossed them out, getting a little tired now, and her shovel struck full and square on some great stone or boulder, until the shock quivered all up her arm, and she stopped to rub it.

"Here's a boulder; out with it," said Hannah.

So she worked around it until it lay in the slant light of the autumn sun, and the last stroke made a deep break or dent in its side. There it lay at last—DICK'S ROC'S EGG! Hunted for, for six years, by a hundred miners, believed to be the most enormous canard of all the mining regions—she, Hannah, was the heiress of that unknown dead man's legacy. Here was the mass of almost virgin gold—and beyond it would lie that famous pocket long sought and unfound—and which eventually proved no mere pocket, but a good mine—whose bearings were now plain.

Hannah gazed, her brown eyes wider and wider. There was no mistake—it was here, and hers. But no joy welled up in her heart. At last found—fortune—but so late. Jerome gone, and so long silent he might never come again; and her poor father, like Cain, a fugitive and a wanderer. She dropped her unwonted tools, and sat down on a little rough knoll—her inheritance at her feet—the most forlorn young millionaire on the face of the earth!

CHAPTER XIII.—WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

"O for your ancient freedom, pure and holy,
For the deliverance of a groaning earth,
For the wronged captive, bleeding, crushed, and lowly."

Hannah might, in other circumstances, have been flushed with her sudden turn of fortune. No amount of money could make up to her for the absence and silence of Jerome, and the uncertainty and dread surrounding the fate of her father. The strange change in her affairs did not dazzle her—the first impulse was to mourn bitterly that this had not come in time to save the two she loved best. Next she wiped her eyes, and took herself sternly to task for ingratitude—and finally proceeded to break off from her boulder a piece to take to Touchstone, and sell for money enough to buy shoes and other articles immediately needed. The "Roc's Egg" was of so pure a quality that Hannah could break it with the rude tools at her hand, and having tied up the fragments in her handkerchief, she buried her boulder, and set up its monument, in a fragment of rock that would little attract

chance passers-by. Next she rehearsed to herself the traditional measurements and directions, given by the late Dick, whereby, from his buried boulder, by a system of triangles, one might reach the famous pocket. Not to forget these, she took a pencil, and laid out the whole plan on a crumpled bit of brown paper that had contained some miner's dinner. Now, as the gloaming had come, she picked up her tools and set forth for home. A fragrant smell greeted her from the little cabin—Mandy had examined Mike's traps, and caught a rabbit, which she was roasting before the wood fire, with a small accompaniment of corn pones, moulded on a board, and browning in the "drip" under the spitted rabbit.

Hannah stood in the doorway and regarded her little "interior." Mandy, red and big-boned, her scant calico gown tucked up over her red flannel petticoat, made a strong bit of colour that a Dutch painter would have loved. On a low stool, in the leaping light of the fire, sat Hillary, darning stockings—her crutch, like a protecting cross, keeping its usual ward above her head—Hillary, with white face and fair locks, and gray gown, was all neutral tints as a set-off to Mandy. Mrs. Earl was dozing in one of Mike's make of big chairs—the light had drifted away from the Bible that she had rescued from her house, and which lay open on her lap. Hannah looked at the picture, both as artist and home-lover, and found it good. Like a well-conducted miner, she put away her tools, and took a vigorous ablution, after which her face glowed rosily, and her hair curled in wet rings over her forehead. She also had a miner's appetite, and now Mandy served supper—the well-browned rabbit before Hannah, for her to carve—the little pile of pones before Mandy, a bowl of gravy before Hillary, and the salt—in a tea-cup, with a wooden spoon in it—before Mrs. Earl.

The family did not quite know all that Hannah included in her grace, asking "to be made thankful for all mercies"—but they were thankful for the rabbit, and ate almost all of it. After that was done, Hannah made an announcement:

"I had very strange fortune to-day. After all the searching that has gone on, *I* found Dick's Roc's Egg!"

"What! What! Truly? Why, Hannah! Where?" etc., and so on.

Then, under the light of one small lamp, Hannah laid down the kerchief, and its golden store glittered.

In a minute more, after hard staring, Mandy jumped up, ran to the door, and uneasily thrust her head out. Then she reached for the pickaxe, and made the circuit of the house. "I wisht we had a big black dog!" quoth Mandy, when she came in.

"Why, Mandy! What's the matter?" said Hillary.

"'The abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep,'" laughed Hannah. "We have never had thought of fear, Mandy!"

"And whatever shall we do?" asked Mandy.

"Keep quiet and calm, I suppose. To-morrow I shall go over to Touchstone, and get what things we most need."

And so in effect it was. This handsome young millionaire saddled her horse, rode ten miles, was very happy to find her feet once more in whole shoes—albeit their make would have shocked a city Miss—and came home, with a sack of flour slung on Araby's back, behind her; and a bundle of shoes, flannel, and muslin on her lap—and the first virtue she found in being rich was, that she might have a whole flannel frock that was neither patched nor faded. She had not told Mike of her discovery, preferring to wait until he came back, lest some exultation of his should betray them; but she bade him spend all his earnings for himself and Mandy, and be home within the week.

That week was spent by the four women in sewing—and, believe me, in talking. To plan *how* to immediately utilize their discovery and "find" was too difficult: their plans leaped to the hour when the fortune was in solid bonds, or shining eagles, and they would be able to handle it.

"Let us have a home, or something for cripples," said Hillary, "where they will be cured, if possible, while they are little, and if not cured, where they can have a home and be taught useful things. And, Hannah, let us build lots of churches and schools all over the West here. Don't you know how miserable it has been here, and at Touchstone—the people sick and dying, with no one to pray for them, to teach them—and the little children without any teacher. The young men come out here, and get lost in the West—lost from Sabbath, and Bibles, and prayer, and all their early teachings; and when it is winter in the camps, they have no reading, and they drink and play cards to pass away the time. At the mining camps, if they had a reading-room, and night-schools, and a minister—especially if he was easy and friendly, and could sing—there would not be half the drinking."

"Yes, Hillary," said Hannah, threading her needle, "we'll set up missions, and reading-rooms, and one thing is certain: temperance must be a great feature in all of them. We will use ever so much of our money in sending about books and papers on temperance. Now, when I was a little child I never knew how intemperance had troubled our house, and how the temperance question came home to me; but I read a few temperance books, and they aroused in me a temperance prejudice, before I had a temperance principle even. Trouble is, people do not half estimate the value of temperance reading. Our Sunday-school and our congregational libraries are not full of it, as they ought to be."

"Very often the teachers like wine on their tables, or at New Year's calls; or some of the church officers are doctors who prescribe liquors; or the superintendent believes in what he calls 'moderation,' or thinks he needs brown stout, or ale, for his health—and so they don't care about temperance books—they think they are fanatical."

"Well," said Hannah, "I'm not afraid of being a fanatic, or a radical, or anything else they want to call me, if it means a person who believes a thing heart and soul, and doesn't like half-

way measures, where lives and eternal welfare are in jeopardy every hour."

So they talked, and so they worked, and on Saturday evening Mike came back, loaded with parcels.

The Sabbath Hannah had always signalized with some little services. When her father and the rest of the mining population had been there, the women and children, Wellman and his cousin, "Doon's boy," and two or three of the better-disposed miners, had gathered at the house, and Henry Walden and the girls had led in singing hymns, and Hannah had read two or three chapters, and something from a religious book or paper. This same programme was continued now that the inhabitants of "Roc's Egg Claims" had been reduced to one family. It was not for great congregations, for swelling strains of organ music, far-famed preachers, or first-class sopranos, that Hannah and Hillary called the "Sabbath a delight, holy to the Lord, and honourable." It was because in the Sabbath they found one of God's love pledges to men, His "parle with dust"—milestones on the heavenward way, where they could rest and count progress. So all Sabbath they "rested as the Lord God had appointed them," and did not even mention the famous boulder, "Roc's Egg."

On Monday morning breakfast was early dispatched, and the dew was still glittering freshly on leaf and blade, when all set forth from the cabin to the gulch. As might be expected, Mike was the most excited one. When he had drenched himself with perspiration, struggling to disentomb the "Roc's Egg" in two minutes' time, and when he had lifted and examined and tested it, he whooped and howled, and danced and contorted himself with joy.

"O blissid soight o' me eyes!" howled Mike. "Did iver I see the loikes! Was iver a flower, or a sky, or the smile o' a friend, so beautiful intirely as this lump of a gold stone?"

"Hoot, Mike!" said Mandy, "yees can't ate goold, nor yet drink it! I mind when I was a little slip of a girl, the big famine was in Ireland, and me starvin', an' me faither and the mammy all bones and big eyes, and me little sister clean dead. Och hone! that weary day, niver so good a sight as a heap of blissid praties come from Ameriky—and by that token, corn male and beans wid them. That sight was more than enough better nor yon stone—praise the Lord for it, all the same! An' afther all, Mike, I'd give the whole of it, an' it was mine, if I could look agin in the swate eyes of my little Maggie, covered up in dust this ten year—och hone! och hone!"

At this Mistress Earl thought of her own dead, and of her son, who had been long away, and around whom her cares and fears centred. And as Mandy cried with her apron over her head, Mrs. Earl also cried with her kerchief to her eyes, and Hannah, considering that she would gladly give boulder and pocket for a sight of Jerome bringing back her father, saved at last from the curse of strong drink, wept also on Hillary's shoulder, and Hillary

cried because Hannah did. Whereat Mike, checked in his ecstacies, interrupted himself in a joyful whoop. "Hoot!" quoth Mike, "it never rains but it pours! The Lord has sent yees just what He choose for yees, and ye are discontent."

"We are all very wrong," said Hannah; "let us stop weeping and get to working, as God has set before us. We must do the best we can."

So they all went to work, measuring and pacing, and laying out fans or triangles up the slope from the gulch, and so spent the day in proving that Dick's dying confidence had been no fable, but that he had discovered and then strangely left for them a wonderful store of wealth.

Mandy brought down dinner to this odd little mining camp, of two girls, one old lady, and one man, and the day was not long—it never is when one is busy. After laying bare their spoils, they must next cover all up again. Mike proceeded to stake out a liberal claim for Hannah, and then to bury the "Roc's Egg," until it could be broken up, and finally disposed of.

"Faix," said Mike, "what fetches me intirely is to know what to do wid it? We are five and a horse, and not a soul nearer than ten miles; and I'm powerful 'fraid of bringing down on us them Touchstone rapscallions."

So that night they held a council, "What to do with it?"

"I promised Jerome I'd wait for him here," said Hannah.

"Yes," said Mrs. Earl, "I couldn't think of his coming back footsore, weary, disappointed, sick, perhaps, and find us all gone, the house empty. Oh, I could not! My poor boy!"

At which pathetic picture Hannah and Hillary had much ado to keep from weeping, being in an overstrained and teary mood at that time, owing to their strange discoveries and the many burdens entailed by wealth.

"If Jerome were here," said Hannah, "he would know what to do with all this; he could arrange everything."

"We've been here one year," said Hillary; "what hinders to stay another? We have fuel and shelter, and we can get clothes and food; perhaps, Hannah, your father might come back, and what would he do if he found no one?"

"I can't feel ready to go," said Hannah; "let us wait for those who left us here, until they come back—only Mike and Mandy, when they might be enjoying themselves in some place, they will not want to wait here."

"Oh, it's mesilf niver thought ye'd be so cruel, Miss Hannah, a-settin' Mike and Mandy apart as if we was naught to you, after all you've done for us, an' all we've gone through together, ohone!" wailed Mandy; "is it Mike and Mandy must be leavin' of yees, and settin' up for fine folks!"

"And me," blubbered Mike, "that might have been a lyin' dead in a gutter wid a whiskey bottle for me epitaph! Savin' for you, Miss Hannah, who rescued me like a Christian. Lave yees, is it? If yon boulder is to be the cause of my turning fine

gentleman and lavin' yees, I'll go chuck it back in yon gully, and good-bye to riches."

"Then all right," said Hannah, "we'll all stay here for the present, and do the best we can. We can quickly sell gold enough here and there to get what we need, and have some books and other things sent from San Francisco. We will wait for the present and let the Lord show us what to do."

And so that winter they waited.

Humanity is chiefly governed by two passions, hope and fear. Henry Walden was one of those men most open to the effects of fear. Never had he been more thoroughly frightened than when he stood before that crowd intent on Lynch law, a rope on his neck. Never also had Henry Walden so faced his own shameful career as when he heard his daughter's impassioned, self-abnegating words to that crowd, and found her brave and true in that deadly blighting of her young life. Then for the first time Walden loathed himself, and his airy, selfish, self-satisfied nature was smitten to the very dust. Not with the flash of intuition, but with a quick growth of realization, it came to him, that he must leave a life he was blighting, and fight his battles alone. If he could not live like a man he would perish unnoticed and unwept like a dog. He heard what Hannah and Mike said of Doon's boy, slimly furnished, going out to seek his fortune, and he resolved to join his fate to that acute young imp, forged and tempered by adversity, into something tough, if not splendid.

Henry Walden had spent a deal of time roaming about the neighbourhood and knew all tracks well. He had a friend too on the prairie, a strong mustang pony, turned out loose since its owner died, and he in his easy good-nature had been wont to carry handfuls of salt or some fresh green things, and whistle the beast to him to feed. So at night, as once before he had slipped from the window, he slipped out again, now on a better errand, and to the range of his mustang, which he beguiled with salt, and then bridled with a rope, and carrying his whole fortune in his pocket in the shape of five dollars, and on his shoulder a few clothes tied up in a towel, he took such a course as would strike the path of Doon's boy going out of Touchstone, and by reason of shortness and greater speed in the way, he overtook him by the first day's evening.

"Halloo!" said Doon's boy, "did you give them the slip—are you off?"

"I'm running away from myself," said Walden.

"You're in for work then," said Doon's boy; "I see your shadow."

"There's a worse one at my back that you don't see," said Henry; "rein up a little, lad, till I tell you my story."

So he told Doon's boy his history, and got this comment:

"The Miss is a rare 'un, but seems to me you're a bad lot."

"So I am," said Walden. "Now, there's five dollars, all I have. You take it, and we'll go together. Watch me, and if ever you see me even looking at liquor, choke me till I'm half dead."

"All right," said Doon's boy, "I see you must have some 'un to tie to."

And this was the compact, and Henry Walden had a new guardian and a sharp one, and they went out to seek fortune. And during the fall and winter we need not follow them; they had reached Mariposa and found work.

And all winter there was no word of Jerome, and his mother and Hannah read in each other's eyes, what lips would not say, that the gallant lad was dead.

In the early spring Hillary had a fall—her crutch broke, and her hip was badly injured. It was evident that unless Hillary had medical care she would die. Hannah and Mrs. Earl planned it that they must buy a waggon and go to the nearest settlement where was a good doctor, and they would leave directions for Jerome. But there was no waggon within fifty miles. Mike must be sent for one; he was to start on a Tuesday morning.

On Monday afternoon Hannah on Araby rode around the gulch, and claim, and all the old places dear and sacred for Jerome. Lifting her eyes she saw a train of four waggons and some people on horseback. Here might be help for Hillary. She looked again —one rider was a lady. Hannah made no delay in going toward them, and gladness such as she had not hoped to know again settled on her heart. There was her kindest friend and helper, Mrs. Rupert.

Mr. Rupert had been on a great scientific expedition of two years. His wife had accompanied him. Now they were on the road to San Francisco where the tour would end. Hannah gave Mrs. Rupert some sketch of her history and needs, and a halt was called for the night near the cabin. A surgeon in the party at once took Hillary in charge.

After supper Hannah and Mr. and Mrs. Rupert went off alone to the gulch and she told her amazing story. She put her affairs into Mr. Rupert's hands to realize her property for her, and it was at once decided that Hannah and her household should accompany the Ruperts to San Francisco, and as soon as Hillary was able, go with them to New York. On the side of the cabin and on a great paper bedded under glass in a plank they left this legend: "Jerome Earl's mother and Miss Walden can be found by addressing Mr. John D. Kempis, 62 —— St., San Francisco, Cal." This word was left also at Touchstone and places along the road, and so they were all away at last from *Roc's Egg*.

CHAPTER XIV.—ALL THINGS ARE NEW.

"This happier one, his course has run,
From lands of snow to lands of sun."

From the hour of that hasty departure from Roc's Egg, until midsummer, Hannah hardly knew how the time passed. There was little to carry away from Roc's Egg. A bed was made in one of the waggons for Hillary. Hannah improvised a riding-skirt, and mounted Araby; Mrs. Earl and Mandy rode with Hillary, and waited on her; and Mike trudged on as best he could. A poor family in Touchstone, rendered destitute by the fire, got leave to go and live in the cabin, or remove the things for their own use; and thus Hannah left the home of two years—and, leaving it, was heavy-hearted, because she had there lost trace of Jerome and of her father.

The crowding business of the months that followed, left Hannah little time for pining; though many wondered at the constant gravity of a girl who might have been flushed with success.

Than Mr. Rupert no better person could have been found to manage her affairs and realize her fortune. While Hillary was improving under the best medical advice to be had on the Pacific Coast, Hannah was discussing plans, and seeing business men, and being safely guided by Mr. Rupert through crowds of speculators who were ready to prey on her mine.

And when it became known, too, that this very handsome girl and a very handsome fortune belonged together, there were found dozens of speculators of another variety—who were ready to make love to Hannah, and secure both face and fortune. Perhaps it was this very fact that fixed it in her mind that Jerome was not dead, but would return. She so often reiterated to Mr. and Mrs. Rupert, and to her various suitors, that she was already engaged, and should marry no one but Jerome Earl, that she became established in the assurance that Jerome would one day appear.

"Ill news travels fast," said she to Mrs. Earl. "If Jerome were dead, we should have heard of it. If that Dick without a surname could confide his discovery, and have it so spread abroad, then surely if Jerome had found himself sick, he would have sent us word somehow."

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Rupert, "if this Jerome Earl is living, that something is wrong with him, or he would come back."

"There's nothing wrong with Jerome," said Hannah; "I could trust him a hundred years, because he is good. And if I had never seen Jerome, I would not encourage any of these young men I have seen here. They are not up to my ideal of manhood. They seem to think their mission in life is to set off well fashionable tailors' clothes, and walk behind a cigar, or ride behind a fast horse. I like a man who is something more than an appendage to a yard-stick or a ten-cent roll of tobacco."

From which discourse it is evident that Hannah had very pronounced views of things—not altogether like other girls, at least not like those of a fashionable young lady. Hannah also found other faults with these golden youths:

"They all drink wine. They don't all get drunk; but they would be ashamed of being strictly temperate, and abhor the word teetotalers."

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Rupert, "that you are a bit of a fanatic, Hannah. I never could see that a little wine on festive occasions was very ruinous; or that beer, ale, or brown stout might not be good for some people's constitutions, corrective of our American nervousness and thinness."

"If you strictly examine of what these things are made," said Hannah, "I don't see how you can believe they are *good* for anything."

Strict temperance, teetotalism, and prohibition were things on which Hannah and her friend, Mrs. Rupert, differed. But Hannah joined herself to the Young Women's Temperance Union, and was a very active member thereof. Finally, at the beginning of September, affairs were settled, so that they could return East. Mrs. Rupert's home was to be in New York, and she urged Hannah to go there also. Mrs. Earl's girlhood had been spent in that city, and she longed to go back. now that she had no son making his way in the West, to give her life there an object.

Mrs. Rupert had certain little pleasant plans which she would have liked to have carried out. She would have been glad to have Hannah live with her, and let the others keep house somewhere near. But as Hannah would not for a minute think of leaving Mrs. Earl and Hillary, Mrs. Rupert really wished that Hannah would live in the style, and enter the society, and take part in the pleasures that she thought became a young heiress. Here, again, she and Hannah differed greatly.

"I have no fondness for these things," said Hannah; "and I doubt if it is right for Christians to lavish their means so on themselves, and have only the same interests as worldly people. And then, how could I be living in splendour, and amusing myself, when my poor father may be wandering about in poverty and suffering? I had rather be doing what good I can; and may the dear Lord return to us Jerome Earl and my father. Don't think I shall lack pleasures; I believe I should have relaxation and entertainment. I shall have books and study, and go to lectures and concerts, and feel glad that I can buy pictures and really beautiful things; but I believe after all, my best happiness will be in working for the poor. The sewing schools and homes, the Sunday breakfasts, and the work for reformed men, and drinking men, for street Arabs, and for news-boys, and shoe-black brigades, these are the things I like best. 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' Our Lord 'went about doing good,' and 'pleased not Himself'; and it seems to me a great privilege to follow in His steps, even feebly and far off."

So Hannah and Hillary and Mrs. Earl had a house to themselves —a very pleasant one—and it was at once a fountain of good and beneficence.

Mike and Mandy had shared in the Roc's Egg shower of gold, and they were happy according to their lights.

"I niver thought," said Mandy, "to get to this. Here I have a nate little flat, and a Brussels carpet, wid red velvet chairs, to me best room. I can wear a black silk gown every afternoon, and me and Mike we can hire a cab when we likes, and ride to the park. And haven't I a hired gurl to wash me dishes, and a slip of a bye to go behind me wid the market basket, three days in the week? An' what a comfort it is, intirely, not to have to chapen the pertaties, nor always to pick out a chuck roast or a scrag o' mutton! Folks say *Mr.* to me Mike, and *Missis* to me; and at church we niver, aythur of us, puts less than a fine shinin' quarter-dollar in the contrybution plate. I feel like a quane sittin' up afternoons in me best rooms, knittin' of socks or sewin' of flannel shirts and shortcoats for the Children's Mission. An' me Mike, isn't he a pardner in a grocery store, and makin' his ten per cent., or maybe fifteen, on his investment. The way Mike enjoys bein' behind a counter dalin' out tea and sugar, and, for the sake of old times, givin' good measure in all to the poor folks. I mind I was always so glad in my bit buyins, whin the grocer tipped the scale down full fair on my side!"

Mandy's "bye" and "hired gurl," and Mike's errand "byes," were protégés speedily picked up by Hannah in her work among the lowly.

Thus life went on with them all, from September until the New Year, at which time Mrs. Rupert was very anxious that Hannah should come and receive calls with her; and as Mrs. Earl and Hillary preferred not to have calls, Hannah agreed to Mrs. Rupert's proposition. So far was Hannah from being a fashionable girl, that it never occurred to her that wine would be among Mrs. Rupert's refreshments. Mrs. Rupert knew Hannah's feelings, but was so entirely accustomed to the wine on New Year's, that it never entered her mind that Hannah would object to it—indeed, she thought nothing about it, but ordered a caterer, who had often served her, to send the New Year's refreshments, and with the rest came the wine. Now, on New Year's morning, when Hannah, very stately and very fair, came down from Mrs. Rupert's dressing-room, and surveyed the parlours and the preparations, she saw the obnoxious wine.

"What, wine! Oh, Mrs. Rupert, how can you?"

"Why, really, it is customary—I always do. I thought nothing about it, or of your views—a little singular, Hannah."

"Oh, truly, I'm so sorry. You and Mr. Rupert have been my best friends; but I cannot stay—I dare not."

"Nonsense, Hannah! Why, you are not responsible. You need not offer it. No one will refer it to you."

"But I cannot countenance, by seeing it done, even. It would

be to lend my influence to what I believe wrong. Think of the harm it does. You heard that Miss Belper's brother was made drunk last New Year's Day in his calls, and was drowned going home at night. New Year's Day is becoming a terror to many mothers, sisters, and wives. Forgive me, dear Mrs. Rupert, I must go home—I can't stay."

"Nonsense, Hannah! I shall be positively angry with you. I have announced that you will receive with me, and I shall have all this awkward folly to explain. I am vexed with you."

Hannah went to the window and meditated. She turned:

"Mrs. Rupert, I will stay, on two conditions. First, I must *pour out and offer all the wine myself.*"

"But you won't do it. You are going to trick me, I fear."

"Indeed, no; I will pour it out and offer it. And the other condition is, you will not interfere with what I say or do."

"Very well. I know you may be odd, but never unladylike; and we shall have at least variety in your performances."

Hannah went out and sent a servant with a note to Hillary, and to a florist. He returned before the first calls, and placed on the centre-table a large crystal dish filled with button-hole bouquets, and by it, on either side, two elegant boxes. These Hannah did not explain, and Mrs. Rupert regarded them curiously.

The test hour came with the callers. Three gay young bloods came first, and compliments were passed, and refreshments presented. Hannah was prompt.

"Mrs. Rupert and I do not think alike about wine," she said. "I object to it; but, as she has it, it is to be my privilege to offer it."

She poured a glass of Oporto, and took it up, the ruddy light shining through the crystal on her white hand. She looked one guest full in the eyes.

"He who drinks, drinks at the peril of his soul," she said; and the young man's hand fell at the solemn words.

A silence came—not one offered to touch the glasses.

"Let me give you flowers," said Hannah, all radiant; and she pinned on each youth's coat a button-hole bouquet. They glowed at the courtesy.

"Now," said Hannah the strong, "I would be glad if you would go out as my knight-errants, pledged to drink no wine to-day."

"We cannot neglect such a challenge!" cried one, and Hannah opened one of the boxes, and there were cards painted by Hillary and herself, in little forget-me-not sprays, and a pen ready for each name, and each one wrote his name, and slipped a card in his pocket.

"You will not be shy of meeting your mothers to-night," said Hannah, and taking three bits of red ribbon from the other box, she deftly tied each button-hole bouquet, and her calm voice said: "It is a token of the blood, that cleanses from all sin!"

The three callers were gone.

"Hannah, however did you do it?" cried Mrs. Rupert.

"I must do it," said Hannah. "I must do the best I can." And

so it was all day—and the wine was not touched—for how could it be with those solemn, frankly-spoken words: "He who drinks, drinks at the peril of his soul."

And Hannah's knight-errants were plenty, even of those who drank before they reached Mrs. Rupert's, and agreed not to drink more that day. Several, signing the card, said: "It is for life, Miss Walden." And two or three said such hearty words of their peril and temptation, that when the calls were done, Mrs. Rupert threw herself into a chair, exclaiming: "James! carry off that wine, and empty it. Don't you dare to drink it! And I'll *never* have another drop in my house."

It was the hour when the calls were mostly finished, but there was another ring at the door. James went.

"Is Miss Walden at home?" demanded the stranger. James, with the keen eye of a city servant, reviewed the new-comer. Evidently, his clothes and his boots had not been bought on Broadway. He had a lordly air, it is true, and could have picked up James with little ceremony. Learned people and elderly, such as Mr. Rupert, James could allow to be natural and manly, but in the opinion of this shining light of servants, a young man only vindicated his birth and fortune when he was a popinjay. Therefore James administered severe correction to this intruder. "Miss Walden is engaged, sir!"

"I'm aware of that," quoth the stranger, cool as ever, and with behaviour suited to a winter's night—coming in also, and depositing hat and coat on the rack, and proceeding to divest himself of his overcoat. Hereupon James made another effort at annihilation.

"New Year's callers, sir, mostly knows that they ought to keep on their overcoats, and carry their hats and canes in their hand."

"Callers? Oh, true; but I'm come to stay! Where can I find Miss Walden and Mrs. Earl?"

But before James could prepare a rejoinder, that should entirely destroy such unspeakable presumption, the door of the reception-room shot open, and into the hall, in all her New Year's Day glory, sprang Hannah, and flew to clasp her arms around this son of Anak.

The first words James fairly understood, after, to his horror, certain undeniable kisses had been exchanged between this ill-behaved young couple, were: "Hannah, where is my mother?"

"Home!" cried Hannah; "I'm only here for the day. Come, speak to Mrs. Rupert, and we'll go to your mother as fast as we can; I wouldn't for anything keep you from her for a minute."

As Hannah led her guest by the hand to Mrs. Rupert, James shook his head, and murmured:

"Well! after all the elegant young men, in their own turnouts, that have been here this day! There *is* no telling what those Western young ladies with big fortunes will do; I wouldn't wonder if he wore a number nine boot!"

That was a New Year's Day to be remembered. The long-lost son, though not prodigal, had returned. The nearest restaurant furnished a supper, and four very happy people smiled around it,

and the meal lasted long, for in its pauses, Jerome had his story to tell. He had found his uncle in China; nursed him; buried him; heired his property; been carried captive up country by some Chinese, and tried a year of captivity before some missionaries effected his rescue; finding his whereabouts, and pushing the matter before the authorities, until finally Jerome was found and released. Then to Roc's Egg, with misgivings over the happenings of long absence—and lo, there again a busy mining place, and swarms of speculators, and wonderful tales of Miss Walden. Then to San Francisco; and Mr. Rupert's address was given with assurance that Miss Walden lived at his house; and so to New York, on a train much delayed by snow on the mountains.

Such tales were ample occupation for many days, but it was evident that Jerome was a son of the West, and westward he must go. With his return, returned also to Hannah, and even to Mrs. Earl, a longing for the West. Mrs. Rupert begged and protested, but of no avail; all said they wanted growing room, and could do more good West. Hillary was bribed by promises of working nine days in the week if she could find so many, in charity to remain a year or two until Jerome had built a house, and Hannah had arranged a model school-farm under good superintendence, where Hillary could forward street Arabs to be trained in the ways of decency, and taught to make a living. That farm idea so captivated Mike and Mandy, that they gathered up half a dozen waifs and went out to take charge of it, and all the way West, Mike and Mandy debated whether the place should be called "Hearty Welcome" or "Cold Water Camp." They agreed to draw slips for the name; but by some turn of luck, drew a *blank* slip that Mike had happened to drop in his hat!

Five years later, Hannah and Jerome were walking one day, toward evening, about their grounds, when in at the carriage gate came two horses, one carrying a very young man, the other an old man. Hannah looked over her shoulder, turned and looked again—something of rugged honesty in the round, freckled face; a twinkle in the gray eyes, proclaimed Doon's boy—it might now be, Doon's young man. But it needed a second, and a third look, to prove that the shrivelled, wrinkled, bent, and gray man at his side was the father, who but six years before had looked so young. "Father!" cried Hannah, catching his rein.

"It's he, Miss. I've brung him through," said Doon's boy, proudly. "He hain't drank one drop since the last he got from my old dad. He's fought, Miss, or—Ma'am," with a hesitant look at a distant nurse-maid; "he's fought powerful, and you see what it has made of him. But he's his own man now, Miss, and we're not very poor, me and pardner—if so be we ain't very rich."

But all her father said as he kissed her was: "Made conquerors through Him that loved us, and washed us in His blood."

THE END.

FOURTEEN TO ONE.*

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

I.

The Rev. Mr. Matthews was hitching up his horse to go to the post-office. The horse was old; the man was old. The horse was gray; so was the man. The waggon was well worn of its paint, which was once a worldly blue, and the wheels sprawled at the axles like a decrepit old person going bow-legged from age. The Reverend Mr. Matthews did not use the saddle, according to the custom of the region; he was lame and found it difficult to mount.

It was a chilly day, and what was once a buffalo robe lay across the waggon seat; a few tufts of hair remained upon the bare skin, but it was neatly lined with a woman's shawl—an old plaid, originally combining more colours than a rag mat, but now faded to a vague general dinginess which would recommend it to the "low tone" of modern art. The harness was as old as the buffalo robe, as old as the shawl, as old as the horse, one might venture to say as old as the man. It had been patched, and mended, and lapped, and strapped, and tied, past the ingenuity of any but the very poor, and the really intelligent; it was expected to drop to pieces at the mildest provocation, and the driver was supposed to clamber down over the bow-legged wheels and tie it up again, which he always did, and always patiently. He was a very patient old man; but there was a spark in his dim blue eye.

The reins, which he took firmly enough in his bare hands, were of rope, by the way. He could not go to the post-office on Mondays because his wife had to use the clothes-line. He felt it a special dispensation of providence that women did not wash on Saturdays, when his number of *Zion's Herald* was due.

She came out of the house when he had harnessed, and stood with her hands wrapped in her little black-and-white checked shoulder shawl, watching him with eyes where thirty years of married love dwelt gently. Something sharper than love crossed her thin face in long lines; she had an expression of habitual anxiety refined to feminine acuteness; for it was the year 1870, and it was the State of Tennessee.

Mrs. Matthews stood in that portion of the house which Tennessee does not call a loggia, neither is it a porch, a piazza, or a hall. Two chimneys of stone or of clay, according to the social status of the owner, flank the house on each side. The Rev. Mr. Matthews' chimneys were of clay, for he was a minister of the Methodist faith. His house was built of logs. There were sheds, and something resembling a barn for the horse. All were scrupu-

*The writer of this narrative affirms that it is substantially true.

lously neat. Behind, the mountains towered and had a dark expression.

"Are you going to the post-office?" asked Mrs. Matthews, softly. She knew that perfectly well, but she always asked; he always answered. If it gave her pleasure to inquire, he reasoned, why not?

"Yes, Deborah," said the old man, briskly. "Want to go?"

"I don't know. Is Hezekiah tuckered out?"

"Hezekiah is as spry as a chipmunk," returned the minister, confidently. Now Hezekiah was the horse, and thirty-one years old. He received the astonishing tribute with a slow revolution of his best eye (for he was blind in the other).

"Well," said Mrs. Matthews, doubtfully, "I don't know 's I'll go."

She pronounced these words with marked, almost painful, hesitation, in an accent foreign to her environment. They had been Northerners thirty years ago. Weak lungs brought him and these mountain parishes kept him. His usefulness had been so obvious, that his bishop had never shifted him far, reappointing him from term to term within a twenty-mile circuit among those barren fields. The situation was exceptional, the bishop said; at all events, he had chosen so to treat it. Thirty years—and such years!—seemed a long time to stay true to the traditions of youth and a flag. The parishioners and people whom, for courtesy, one called one's neighbours in those desolate, divided mountain homes, expressed themselves variously upon the parson's loyalty to the national cause. The Border State indecision had murmured about him critically, for the immediate region had flashed during the civil war, and remained sulky still.

The Confederacy had never lacked friends in that township Of late the murmur had become a mutter. The parson had given offence. He had preached a sermon treating of certain disorders which had become historic, for which the village and valley had acquired unenviable notoriety, and which they were slower than some other sections in abandoning, now that the civil situation supposed them to have done so.

"If I thought I could prevent anything," proceeded Mrs. Matthews anxiously, "I'd—I'd—I don't know but I'd go. Are you goin' to hold the meetin', after all?"

"Certainly," replied the minister, lifting his head. "I shall dispense the Word as usual."

"Well," said his wife sadly,—"well, I s'pose you will. I might have known. But I hoped you'd put it off. I was afraid to ask you. I can't help worryin'. I don't know but I'll go, too. I can get my bonnet on in a minute."

Her husband hesitated perceptibly. He did not tell her that he was afraid to take her; that he was almost equally afraid to leave her. He said:

"The lock of the back door isn't mended yet; I don't know but things need watching. That speckled bantam's dreadfully afraid of weasels when she's setting; I don't know 's I blame her."

"Well," returned the old lady with a sigh, "I don't know but

you're right. If it's the Lord's will I should stay at home and shoo weasels, I s'pose he can look after you without my help, if he has a mind to. Will you take the sweet potatoes along? There's a bushel and a half; and two dozen eggs."

The two old people loaded the waggon together, rather silently. Nothing further was said about the prayer-meeting. Neither alluded to danger. They spoke of the price of potatoes and chickens. The times were too stern to be spendthrift in emotion. One might be lavish of anything else; but one had to economize in feeling, and be a miser in its expression. When the parson was ready to start he kissed his wife, and said:

"Good-bye, Deborah."

And she said: "Good-bye, Levi."

Then she said: "Let me tuck you up a little. The buffalo ain't in."

She tucked the old robe about the old legs with painstaking, motherly thoroughness, as if he had been a boy going to bed. She said how glad she was she had that nice shawl to line it.

"Thank you, Deborah. Keep the doors locked, won't you? And I wouldn't run out much till I get back."

"No, I don't know 's I will. Have you got your lantern?"

"Yes."

"And your pistol?"

"No."

"Ain't you going to take it?"

"No, Deborah; I've decided not to. Besides, it's a rusty old affair. It wouldn't do much."

"You'll get home by nine, won't you?" she pleaded, lifting her withered cheek over the high, muddy wheel. For a moment those lines of anxiety seemed to grow corrosive, as if they would eat her face out.

"Or quarter-past," said the parson, cheerfully. "But don't worry if I'm not here till half-past."

Hezekiah took occasion to start at this point; he was an experienced horse; he knew when a conversation had lasted long enough.

A rickety, rocky path, about four feet wide, called by courtesy "The Road," wound away from the parsonage. The cornfield grew to it on each side. The tall stalks, some of them ten feet high, stood dead and stark, shivering in the rising wind. The old man drove into them. They closed about his gray head. Only the rear of the muddy blue waggon was visible between the husks.

"Levi! Levi! I want to ask a question."

She could hear the bow-legged wheels come to a lame halt; but she could not see him. He called through the corn in his patient voice:

"Well, well! What is it? Ask away, Deborah."

"What time *shall* I begin to worry, Levi?"

To this feminine enquiry silence answered significantly:

"My dear," said the invisible husband after a long pause, "perhaps by ten—or half past. Or suppose we say eleven."

She ran out into the corn to see him. It seemed to her, suddenly, as if she should strangle to death if she did not see him once more. But she did not call, and he did not know that she was there. She ran on, gathering up her chocolate-coloured calico dress, and wrapping her checked shawl about her head nervously. The parson was singing. His voice came back on the wind:

"How firm a foun-da-tion, ye sa-aints of the Lo-ord!"

She wiped her eyes and came back through the corn, slowly; all her withered figure drooped.

"I don't know but I'd ought to have perked up and gone with him," she said aloud, plaintively.

She stood in the house-place, among the chickens, for a few minutes, looking out. She was used, like other women in that desolate country, to being left much alone. Those terrible four years of the war from '61 to '65 had taught her, she used to think, all the lessons that danger and solitude can teach; but she was learning new, now. Peace had brought anything, everything, but security. She was a good deal of a woman, as the phrase goes, with a set strong Yankee mouth. Life had never dealt so easily with her that she expected anything of it; it had given her no chance to become what women call "timid." Yet as she stood looking through the stark corn on that cold gray day she shook with a kind of horror.

Women know what it is—this ague of the heart which follows the absent beloved. The safest lives experience it, in chills of real foresight, or fevers of the imagination. Deborah Matthews lived in the lap of daily dangers that had not alienated her good sense, nor suffocated that sweet, persistent trust in the nature of things, call it feminine or religious, which is the most amazing fact in human life; but sometimes it seemed to her as if her soul were turning stiff, as flesh does from fear.

"If this goes on long enough, I shall die of it," she said. "He will come home some day, and I shall be dead of listenin', and shiverin', and prayin' to Mercy for him."

Mrs. Matthews came back to the house indefinably comforted, in a spiritual way, and prepared to lock up carefully, as her husband had bidden her. It was necessary to look after all the creatures first. Silence and solitude responded to her. No intrusion or intruder gave sign. The day was darkening fast. The gloom of its decline came on with the abruptness of a mountain region, and the world seemed suddenly to shrink away from the lonely spot and forget it.

Mrs. Matthews, when she had locked up the animals with difficulty, fastened the doors and windows of the house carefully, looked at the clock. It was half-past six. She took off her muddy rubbers, brushed them neatly, folded away her shawl, and started the fire economically. She must have a cup of tea;

but supper should wait for Levi, who needed something solid after Friday evening meeting. She busied herself with these details assiduously. Her life was what we might call large with trifles; she made the most of them; there was nothing better that she knew of to keep great anxieties out of the head and sickening terrors out of the heart.

There was one thing, to be sure: Mrs. Matthews called it faith in Providence. The parson's wife had her share of it, but it took on practical, often secular, forms. Sometimes she prayed aloud, as she sat there alone, quaking in every nerve. Sometimes she pitched her shrill old voice, as she did to-day, several notes above the key, and sang:

> "How firm a foun-da-tion ye sa-aints of the Lo-ord!
> Is laid for your fa-aith in His ex-cellent word!"

But she locked the house up before she sang. She made her tea, too, and drank it.

"I always feel to get a better spiritual attitude," she used to say, "when I've had my cup of tea."

The house was so neat that its rudeness became a kind of daintiness to the eye; and the trim old lady in her chocolate calico with its strip of a ruffle at throat and wrists, sat before the fireplace, meditative and sweet, like a priestess before an altar. She used to hate that fireplace with hot New Hampshire hatred—the kettle, the crane, and all the barbarous ways of managing; but she had contrived to get used to it now. It was the dream of her life to save money enough to freight a good northern cook-stove over from Chattanooga. But she expected to die without it.

The room winked brightly with shiny tin-ware hung above the fireplace, and chintz curtains at the windows. There was a centre table with a very old red and black tablecloth of the fashion of fifty years ago. The minister's writing materials adorned this table—his tall inkstand, his quill pen, sharpened with the precision of a man who does not do much writing; the cheap, blue-ruled letter paper, a quire of it; and the sacred sermon paper which Mrs. Matthews would not have touched for her life: she would as soon have touched the sermons. These were carefully packed away in the corner, in a barrel. The family Bible lay on the board-top of the barrel.

Above rose the minister's "library." This was a serious affair, greatly respected in the parish and adored by the minister's wife. It took at least three poplar shelves, stained by Mr. Matthew's own hand and a borrowed paint-brush, to hold that library. Upon the lower shelf the family clock ticked solemnly, flanked by "Cruden's Concordance" and "Worcester's Dictionary." For neighbours to these there were two odd volumes of an ancient encyclopedia, the letters unfortunately slipping from A to Z without immediate alphabetical connection. Upon such subjects, for instance, as alchemy or zoology, the minister was known to have shown a crushing scholarship, which was not strictly maintained upon all

topics. Barne's "Notes on Matthew" occupied a decorous position in the library. "The Life of John Wesley," worn to tatters and covered with a neat brown-paper grocery-bag, overflowed into two octavo volumes. For the rest, the shelves were fatly filled with filed copies of *Zion's Herald* and a Chattanooga weekly.

There was an old lounge in the room, home-made, covered with a calico comforter and a dyed brown shawl. The minister's slippers lay beside it; they were of felt, and she had made them. This lounge was Mr. Matthews' own particular resting-place when the roads were rough or the meeting late. If he were very late, and she grew anxious, his wife went up and stroked the lounge sometimes.

Their bedroom opened across the house-place from the living-room. It held a white bed, with posts, and old white curtain, much darned. Mrs. Matthews' Bible lay on a table beside the bed. The room was destitute of furniture or ornaments, but it had a rag carpet and a fireplace. When Mr. Matthews had a sore throat and it was very cold they had a fire to go to bed by. That was delightful.

When Mrs. Matthews had taken her cup of tea and sung "How firm a foundation" till she was afraid she would be tired of it, which struck her as an impiety to be avoided, she walked about the house looking at everything, crossing from room to room, and looking cautiously after her. It was very still.

It was almost deadly still. How long the evening! Seven—eight—half-past eight o'clock. She tried to sew a little, mending his old coat. She tried to read the religious news in *Zion's Herald*; this failing, she even ventured on the funny column, for it was not Sunday. But nothing amused her. Life did not strike her as funny, that night. She folded the coat, she folded the paper, she got up and walked, and walked again.

Pretty little home! She looked it over tenderly. How she loved it. How he loved it. What years had they grown to it, day by busy day, night by quiet night. What work, what sorrow, what joy and anxiety, what economy, what comfort, what long, healthy, happy sleep had they shared in it! As she passed before the fire, casting tall shadows on the chintz curtains, she began to sing again, shrilly:

"Home—home, dear, dear home!"

Nine o'clock. Yes, nine; for the rickety old clock on the library shelf said so, distinctly. It was time to stop pacing the room; it was time to stop being anxious and thinking of everything to keep one's courage up; it was time to put the johnny-cake on and start the coffee; he would be hungry as men-folks ought to be; God made 'em so. It was time to peep between the hollyhock curtains and put her hands against her eyes, and peer out across the cornfield. It was time to grow nervous, and restless, and flushed, and happy. It was not time, thank God, to worry.

The colour came to her withered cheek. She was handsomer

as an old lady than she had been as a young one, and the happier she grew the better she looked, like all women, young or old. She bustled about, with neat, housewifely fussiness. She knew that her husband thanked heaven for her New England home-craft—none of your "easy" Southern housekeeping for Levi Matthews. What would have become of the man?

It was quarter-past nine. Mrs. Matthews' head grew a little muddled from excitement. She began again at the top of her voice:

> "How firm a foun-da-tion, ye sa-aints of the Lo-ord!
> Is laid for your fa-aith in an ex-cellent home!"

The clock, wedged between the concordance and the dictionary, struck half-past nine. Mrs. Matthews stopped singing. She went to the window. The coffee was boiling over. The corn-cake was done brown. She pulled aside the curtain uneasily. The pine-wood fire flared, and blinded her with a great outburst of light. She could see nothing without, and stood for a moment dazzled. Then she began to look intently, and so accustomed her eyes to the masses of shadow and the lines of form outside. The road wound away abruptly, lost in the darkness like a river dashed into the sea. The cornstalks closed over it, stark and scar; she opened the window a little and heard them rustle, as if they were discussing something in whispers. Above the corn shot the gaunt arm of a prickly locust, burned and bare. The outlines of the mountain were invisible. The valley was sunk in the night. Nothing else was to be seen. She leaned, listening for the sedate hoofs of old Hezekiah, or the lame rumble of the blue waggon wheels. A silence that was indescribably appalling settled about the place. Nothing broke it. Even the cornstalks stopped. After a significant pause they began again; they seemed to raise their voices in agitation.

"What in the world are they talkin' about?" she said impatiently. She shut the window, and came back into the middle of the room. The corn-cake was burning. The coffee must be set off. The supper would be spoiled. She looked at the Methodist clock. Mr. Cruden and the Rev. John Wesley seemed to exchange glances over its head, and hers. It lacked seven minutes of ten.

"But it isn't time to worry yet!"

The woman and the clock faced each other. She sat down before it. What was the use in freezing at the window, to hear the talking corn? She and the clock would have it out. She crossed her work-worn hands upon her chocolate calico lap and looked the thing in the eye.

Five minutes before ten—three—two. Ten o'clock.

"But, oh, not quite time to worry yet!" Ten minutes past. A quarter past. Twenty minutes. The woman and the clock eyed each other like duelists. Twenty-five minutes past ten.

Half-past—Deborah Matthews gasped for breath. She turned her back on the clock and dashed up the window full length.

The night seemed blacker than ever. A cloud had rolled solemnly over the mountain, and hung darkly above the house. The stalks of corn looked like corpses. But they talked like living beings still. They put their heads together and nodded. As she leaned out, trembling and panting, a flash of unseasonable lightning darted and shot; it revealed the arm of the locust tree pointing down the road. A low mutter of distant thunder followed; it rolled away, and lapsed into a stillness that shook her soul.

She came back to her chair in the middle of the room, by the centre-table. The final struggle with hope had set in. It seemed as if the clock knew this as well as she. The ticking filled her ears, her brain, her veins, her being. It seemed to fill the world.

Half-past ten. It was as if some spirit appealed to the minister's clock: "Oh, tell her so softly! Say so, gently as religious love, though you be stern to your duty as religious law." Twenty-five minutes of eleven—a quarter of——

The woman has ceased to look the clock in the eye. It has conquered her, poor thing; and, now that it has, seems sorry for her, and ticks tenderly, as if it would turn back an hour if it could. Her head has dropped into her hands; her hands to her knees; her body to the floor. Buried in the cushions of the old rocking-chair, her face is invisible. Her hands have lifted themselves to her ears, which they press violently. She herself lies crouched like a murdered thing upon the floor.

SUNDOWN.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The summer sun is sinking low,
Only the tree-tops redden and glow;
Only the weathercock on the spire
Of the neighbouring church is a flame of fire;
All is in shadow below.

O beautiful, awful summer day,
What hast thou given, what taken away!
Life and death, and love and hate,
Homes made happy or desolate,
Hearts made sad or gay!

On the road of life one milestone more!
In the Book of Life one leaf turned o'er;
Like a red seal is the setting sun
On the good and the evil men have done,—
Naught can to-day restore!

MIRACLES OF MISSIONS.*

IN THE LAND OF QUEEN ESTHER.

BY ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

What Theodore Parker was constrained to say of Adoniram Judson, we may with equal truth say of Fidelia Fiske: "Had the whole missionary work resulted in nothing more than the building up of such a character it would be worth all it has cost." We may add, that had the whole history of missions furnished us no other example of the supernatural factor in missionary work than that afforded by the Holyoke school in Oroomiah, we could not doubt that the Gospel accomplishes miracles still.

There is no question of Miss Fiske's pre-eminence as a woman. Dr. Anderson thought her the nearest approach in man or woman to his ideal of the Saviour; and Dr. Kirk declared that he had never seen anyone who came nearer to Jesus in self-sacrifice, and that if the eleventh chapter of Hebrews were extended her name would be added to the list of those whose faith or fortitude made them deserving of a niche in that Westminster Abbey of the saints and martyrs. Wherever she went, God's presence and power went with her. For nearly twelve years her work in the land of Esther was one of continued and almost continuous revival; and when from the far Orient she returned to the seminary at South Hadley, in one year, out of 344 girls, only nineteen left it unconverted.

It cannot be said that these great results were accounted for by the *natural* elements in her character. It is true that to singular executive tact, indomitable energy and untiring industry, she united peculiar personal magnetism. But there was a divine, a supernatural element in her character which may be traced like Timothy's faith, back through mother and grandmother. That loving heart, that winning disposition, that genius for saving souls, were the fruit of a divine husbandry and the harvest of many parental and ancestral prayers.

More than three hundred years before she was born, the holy seed was sown that ripened in Fidelia Fiske. Away back in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Fiskes from whom she was descended were "eminent for zeal in the true religion." From sire to son and grandson descended in a golden line, link by link, both intelligence and integrity. The wife of Ebenezer Fiske used to set whole days apart for prayer, that her offspring might to the latest generation prove a Godly seed. And in 1857 there were three hundred members of Christian churches that could be directly traced to this one praying Hannah, and Fidelia was her granddaughter!

Fidelia was born in 1816, in a plain farm-house in which the Bible was the principal library and educational text-book. Taught in a common country school she had but very limited advantages, but she exhibited a characteristic thoroughness and self-reliance in all her tasks. She did with her might what her hands found to do, and took pleasure in mastering her

* Reprinted from volume of same name, by Dr. Pierson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

difficulties. Naturally wilful and wayward, her mother's firm but loving hand taught her to submit her will to authority, and as she became old enough to apprehend her relations to God, it became comparatively easy to transfer her obedience to His higher authority. In 1831, at the age of fifteen, she publicly professed her faith. She no sooner began to "follow" Christ, than she became a "fisher for men." Eight years later she came under the influence of that most remarkable teacher that America has yet produced—Mary Lyon—a woman who combined in herself many of the best qualities of Abelard, Arnold, of Rugby, and Pestalozzi. There Fidelia felt the sway of the imperial intellect and seraphic love of Mary Lyon. There she learned how that invisible Power which we call the Holy Spirit, could convince of sin and teach penitent souls to pray, believe, and in turn become teachers of others. There she learned, what she never forgot, that conversion is a phenomenon which can be accounted for on no mere philosophy of naturalism, but is plainly the work of God! During this time she came so near to death with typhoid fever that she looked over the border-land into the awful august world of spirits, and henceforth the reality of that unseen world she never doubted. She had gotten a glimpse of those light-crowned Alps that lie beyond the clouds of our human horizon.

While she was teaching at Holyoke, that seminary was marvellously pervaded with a missionary spirit. Fidelia's uncle, Rev. Pliny Fiske, had gone forth to the sacred city of Jerusalem, when she was but three years old, and had died shortly after, and the impressions made by his consecration she had never lost. When Dr. Perkins came to Holyoke to find a missionary teacher for Persia, Fidelia Fiske was ready, and she told Miss Lyon she would go. Those two, the great teacher and her scarcely less great pupil, drove thirty miles through snow-drifts to the mother's home, and at eleven o'clock at night awoke a sleeping household to ask whether Fidelia might obey the Lord's call to Persia. There was little more slumber that Saturday night, and before the Sabbath sun set the devoted mother bade her daughter follow the Lord's voice. "Go, my child, go!" said she, and that precious daughter went. Before she arrived at Oroomiah she received word that sixty young ladies, unconverted when she left, had but *six* who still remained unbelieving. It was a prophecy and a foretaste of what was before her as the head and teacher of another Holyoke Seminary in Persia!

The people among whom she was to labour presented no hopeful field. The Nestorians had a form of godliness without its power. The Koords were fierce and lawless. The Mohammedans were bigoted and intolerant. The habits of the people were unspeakably repulsive to a delicate and refined nature like Miss Fiske's. One room was the Nestorian house. Cleanliness and decency were alike impossible. The vermin were so thick upon the children that it was well they were nearly nude, since the vermin had fewer hiding places. Woman in Persia was unwelcome at birth, untaught in childhood, uncherished in wifehood and motherhood, unprotected in old age, and unlamented in death—the tool of man's tyranny, the victim of his passions, the slave of his wants. Lying, stealing, and profanity, were common vices among them. They were coarse and degraded, passionate and quarrelsome, and, like birds in a cage, content with their slavery. They laughed at the absurdity of a woman's being educated.

When Miss Fiske went to Persia no revival of religion had yet been enjoyed, and only a beginning has been made in the establishment of schools and the printing-press. Mrs. Grant, of blessed memory, had in 1838 opened a school for girls, the nucleus of the now famous female seminary. Thus far it was only a day-school, and the constant daily return of the pupils to their tainted homes seemed to undo all the good done at the school. Miss Fiske instinctively felt that it must be changed to a *boarding*-school.

But it was feared no parents would allow their daughters to enter such a school lest it should forfeit some opportunity for early marriage, nor could they see what good education could bring to a girl, while it would unfit her for bearing burdens like a donkey. But Fidelia Fiske's heart was set on redeeming Persian women, and she pressed her project. The first Syriac words she learned were "daughter" and "give," and she persistently asked parents to "give their daughters." On the opening day *two scholars* entered, and within six months the number grew threefold. To these girls she had to become at once mother and servant, housekeeper and teacher. She washed from their bodies the repulsive filth, and then she besought God to sprinkle their hearts from an evil conscience. They were such liars that she could not believe them even under oath, and such thieves that she could leave nothing except under lock.

But those degraded girls soon found that they had to deal with a woman who somehow knew the secrets of God. They dared not steal or lie before a woman who could talk with God as she could, and to whom God spoke back as He did to her. She made the Bible her main text-book and behind all other teaching laid the prayerful purpose to lead them to Christ. Often she was constrained to ask, "Can the image of Jesus ever be reflected from such hearts as these?" But she knew God to be almighty, and in prayer she got new courage for fresh endeavour. The story of her persevering efforts to reach women in Persia is too long to be told within our narrow limits. But our purpose is to emphasize not the human element but the *divine*, and so we pass on to make extended reference to the great revivals in Oroomiah.

To any who secretly doubt the supernatural element in conversion we ask careful attention to a few facts :

1. This woman's great work can all be traced first of all to her *closet*. She first heard from God in the ear what with the mouth she afterward proclaimed as from the house-tops. She went apart with God and prayed for power, prayed for sanctity, prayed for the Holy Ghost to be given in that school, prayed for each of those girls by name. And she thus prayed until this unseen Spirit of God breathed on those young hearts and swayed them as trees bow before a mighty wind. She solemnly recorded her conviction, after years of patient work among Persian women : "If they are ever converted, this must be the Lord's work ; I feel this more and more." I pass by much interesting history that the very heart of the whole story may the sooner be reached. In the autumn of 1845, after some two years' labour, a new and strange spiritual atmosphere seemed to pervade the school ; and it was simultaneous with a new secret wrestling with God in her own closet. As the pupils were dismissed from the school-room, two lingered and were found to be in tears. She questioned them as to the

cause of their sorrow, and found it to be conscious *sin*. "May we have to-day to care for our own souls?" In the lack of a private room, they went to the wood cellar and there found a place for retirement, where they spent that cold day seeking God. What was it that *sent those Persian girls there?* Was it the personal magnetism of their teacher or was it the secret constraining influence of God?

2. Again, let it be noted that simultaneously and without collusion between Miss Fiske and Mr. Stoddard, the converting work began in both the boys' and girls' schools. While Fidelia Fiske was asking God for wisdom to guide four or five girls that she had discovered to be inquiring for salvation, Mr. Stoddard came to tell her of four or five boys in his school much distressed on account of sin. It was as though, without the knowledge of either party as to the other's work, the same blessing had been given at the same hour from the same source to meet the same need. The two schools now met in common and were taught of the remedy for sin, and those young children bowed in the presence of the august realities of the unseen world. The wave of revival swept over those schools, submerging all other themes of thought for the time. It was Sabbath all the week. The whole house was a sanctuary. The Nestorian women thronged the house, and often till midnight Miss Fiske was guiding these awakened souls, and then heard them praying from midnight till morning. The work went on until but two pupils over ten years of age remained unmoved. Nothing more remarkable in the history of missions has been seen than those children voluntarily seeking places for private prayer, and there remaining for prolonged communion with God, literally bathing the Bible and the very floor of their secret closet with tears! The villages round about were blessed. The children's prayers reached their distant homes, and the blessing fell there also. Ploughmen and common workmen, with plough or spade in hand preached Christ. And not only so: those young girls who had found salvation were found pleading with middle-aged women to accept Jesus as their Saviour.

3. Again, the power of God was seen in utter transformation of character and life. Fear had constrained many a girl not to steal lest she should be discovered and exposed; but it was some other impulse that now led to the confession of sins long ago committed and to a diligent and self-denying effort at long delayed reparation. There were saints developed from those Nestorian children that deserved to be ranked among those of whom the world was not worthy, whose mature knowledge and piety put to shame the attainments of aged Christians. There were deaths that compelled those Nestorians to look upon death as never before, as well as lives that compelled them to believe in a new power of which they had never dreamed! The very ground became holy on which some of those young feet trod, that were found only a short time before hopelessly bemired in the filth of Persian homes. Stolidity and stupidity had given way before a quickening influence that was like an electric shock for suddenness, but like sunshine for power to illumine and quicken. Those who have believed conversion to be but another word for human reformation should have been in Fidelia Fiske's school in the winter of 1845 and 1846, and seen how God works in answer to prayer, and makes the desert blossom as the rose!

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

THIS Quadrennium Assembly of Episcopal Methodism was held at Omaha, Nebraska, and was in session a month. This was the first time the Conference had met so far westward. It is just one hundred years since the Church took the Episcopal form of government. At every succeeding Quadrennium there seems to be a growing interest in the proceedings. Though the largest available building is invariably secured for the various sessions, it is a matter of great difficulty to secure even standing-room for all who wish to avail themselves of the privilege of attending.

This year the Rev. W. F. Moulton, D.D., probably the most learned minister in the parent body of Methodism, crossed the Atlantic to greet the child which has outgrown the parent. As intimated in another place, our General Superintendent, Rev. Dr. Carman, conveyed the greetings of his Canadian brethren, and the Rev. Dr. Tigert came from the Sunny South, to bid his brethren of the North God-speed. Various other fraternal messengers were also present.

The number of delegates in attendance was nearly 500. Of this number, sixty were coloured, two of whom were from Africa. They came from India, Africa, Japan, Mexico, all the states and territories of the States, and various European countries. The lay delegate from Japan is Yasuji Ninomiya, a silk merchant of Yokohama. He was converted in San Francisco about fourteen years ago.

The lay representatives from the various Annual Conferences belong to different classes, such as governors of States, judges, members of Congress, presidents and professors of various seats of learning, medical men, and several of the mercantile community. They represent a membership of not less than 2,300,000.

The reports presented from the various organizations of the Church contain indubitable evidence of most marvellous progress, though doubtless the increase of missionary contributions is the most marvellous of all. In 1884 the total receipts were $735,225.26, but in 1891 they were $1,251,059.37, or $3,093.87 for every day in the year.

The missionary bishops, Rev. W. Taylor, D.D., from Africa, and Rev. J. Thoburn, D.D., from India, were present, and produced wonderful excitement as they detailed briefly what had occurred in their respective fields during the last four years. Bishop Taylor gave the Conference an object lesson by exhibiting a little girl whom he had brought from Africa. She had been rescued from a life of polygamy to which millions of girls in Africa are doomed, if they are not rescued by Christianity. This noble man returned $5,500 of his salary in three years to the Missionary Society.

Bishop Thoburn wants the work in India to be divided into five conferences, and he declares that 25,000 are on the eve of embracing Christianity. During the past four years, 10,000 natives have abandoned idolatry. Two Canadian brethren are among his ablest helpers, Revs. Messrs. Messmore and Warne.

The Deaconess' Work is worthy of commendation. No less than nine hospitals have been established during the last four years, and seven of them are in charge of devoted women and are doing a grand work.

The Epworth League, which has been so recently organized, has no less than 4,000 local leagues with 400,000 members.

An enthusiastic public meeting was held on behalf of the American University which is to be established at Washington. Several thousand dollars were subscribed. Among the munificent gifts given at Washington

is one of $10,000 from a Roman Catholic. Bishop Hurst, who has the University in charge and hopes to raise $10,000,000, stated that Washington contains $32,000,000 worth of educational property such as affords exceptional facilities for students.

The election of bishops, and other General Conference officers, is usually the most exciting question that demands consideration. There were no additions made to the Episcopacy this year, and most of the editors were re-elected. Dr. Warren, of the *Northern Christian Advocate*, retires, and Dr. Sawyer was elected his successor. Dr. Stowe retires from the agency of the Western Book Concern, and Dr. Curts takes his place. Dr. Young was elected editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*. The venerable Dr. Nast has arrived at the great age of eighty-five. He is truly the father of German Methodism, and since 1839, has been editor of the *Christian Apologist*. He now retires and is succeeded by his son.

An attempt was made to make a change in the itinerancy to remove the time limit, but no change was made. Ministers can be stationed for five years on the same appointment.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

May is the anniversary month of the religious societies in England. The Missionary Anniversary of the parent society of Methodism commences on the last week in April. This year the week was well occupied by three sermons, the Ladies' Auxiliary meeting, and a Breakfast meeting. On Sabbath, May 1st, sermons were preached in every church in London, and Exeter Hall was crowded on Monday. The collections at all services, omitting those of the Sabbath, amounted to $6,358. The collection of the annual meeting was the largest with one exception in the history of the Society, and amounted to $5,577. Rev. Dr. Stevenson, President of Conference, Rev. F. W. Macdonald, and Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., preached the preparatory sermons, and the public meetings were addressed by returned missionaries from China and India, assisted by several other ministers and laymen. It was very gratifying that while the income of the Society is not equal to the demands, still it is about $15,000 of an increase.

The Ladies' Auxiliary renders efficient support and largely sustains mission schools and the medical work in various foreign fields.

Home missions are not forgotten. The anniversary in Wesley's Chapel, City Road, was one of the largest ever held. The place was crowded, and so great was the enthusiasm that two collections were taken.

The President of the Conference, after speaking in City Road, went to Exeter Hall to assist the Bible Christians, as he had already aided the Methodist Free Churches, and afterwards the Primitive Methodists.

One hundred and thirty candidates for the ministry have been recommended by the various districts in England.

Rev. Thomas Cook, Connexional evangelist, has gone to South Africa to labour in evangelistic services.

The Rescue and Preventive Home at Brixton Hill, London, which was established five years ago, has accomplished much good.

The Young Women's Christian Association, which provides a comfortable Christian home for young women engaged in houses of business, also supplies a place of resort for strangers coming to town, and promotes the religious and mental welfare of all concerned, has 400 girls connected with it, all of whom are carefully trained in all that ministers to their social and religious welfare.

Cleveland Hall some time ago was added to the stations of the Western Central Mission. In three years a society of nearly 300 has been gathered. A network of social and evangelistic agencies is steadily enclosing the locality, which is the refuge to which exiled anarchists and dynamiters resort. It is under close police supervision. The hall was formerly the home of the secularists, and more recently a dancing-saloon.

The historic theatre of Sadler's Wells is the latest accession to the Central Mission. The outlook is most gratifying.

Methodist New Connexion.

A great loss has been sustained in the death of Mr. Robinson Ferens, J. P., Durham. The present writer knew him well. We were born within a few miles of each other, and for some time attended the same school. His business career was very successful. He laboured earnestly for the extension of the denomination. In making his will he did not forget the Church. He bequeathed $250 a year for fourteen years to the church in which he worshipped, and $4,000, in equal sums, to the Chinese Mission, the Paternal, Beneficent, and College Funds. Mr. Ferens is the fourth member of the *Guardian* representatives who have died since Conference.

Mr. Whitworth, of London, bequeathed $2,500 to the missions, a similar amount to London Third Circuit, besides cancelling all debts owing to him by two other churches.

Bible Christian.

The "Thorne Memorial Chapel" at Barnstaple has been re-opened. The cost of the improvements was $7,500, towards which $4,000 was contributed.

A public meeting was recently held at Bristol to raise $5,000 to extinguish a church debt, and $1,375 was received.

The Annual Missionary Meeting held in Exeter Hall is reported as the most successful ever held. The mission-band at Yunnan, Western China, is to be strengthened by the addition of two missionaries. A medical student who soon expects to take his degree will also be sent to China, where he will commence a medical mission.

A college has been commenced at Adelaide, South Australia, in honour of Rev. James Wray, the first missionary sent thither—father of Chief Justice Wray. At the first term "every desk and bed were taken." The professors are all graduates of English seats of learning.

The Bowron House, Pimlico, the Free Methodist Sisters' Home, held its first anniversary in May. There are five Sisters in residence. Mrs. Lee, the organizing secretary of the Free Methodist Women's Union, also resides there. Among those who addressed the meeting was Mrs. Sheldon Amos, who stated that that was the first time she had been asked to speak on a Methodist platform, although she was of a fifth generation of Methodists, her father's great-uncle having been commissioned by the then Conference to convey to Dinah Morris the fact that her name was no longer to appear on the plan; and, curiously, Sister Mary related how that, a few weeks ago, she and another Sister were conducting services in the north of England, but their names were not allowed on the plan.

Primitive Methodist.

It is proposed to unite several of the connexional funds, and to levy a certain annual sum to be raised by each circuit for a general fund, out of which the college, the superannuated ministers' fund, the expenses of Conference and other connexional claims will be met.

The Conference of South Australia reported in favour of a union of the various branches of Methodism in the colony. Chief Justice Wray entertained the Conference one evening at his residence. A committee was appointed to confer with other committees on the question of organic union.

A strong spirit of union is growing rapidly in England and Scotland.

The college at Manchester is to be enlarged so as to accommodate thirty-two additional men, making a total of sixty. This would allow a maximum of thirty students to enter the ministry each year, as the term of study is now extended to two years. At present there are twenty-eight students in the college, of whom fourteen will enter the ministry at Conference, and the others remain at college another year.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Mr. Robert A. Barnes, of St. Louis, Mo., has given the munificent sum of $900,000 to establish a hospital in that city under the auspices of the Church.

Five young ladies are in Chicago Training School, and will shortly enter upon mission work under the direction of the Woman's Board.

The past year has been one of great success in all departments of the mission field; five men were sent to China, five to Japan, three to Brazil, and two to Mexico. Six years ago there were in the foreign field twenty-two missionaries and their wives; now there is a force of ninety-three. The debt has been reduced by $39,000. The total income for Foreign and Home Missions is $434,251.95, to which the collections of the Woman's Board, $525,000, is to be added.

The mission in Japan though only commenced a few years ago, has made rapid progress, and now numbers six mission stations, thirty missionaries, five native preachers, and 128 probationers.

The McTyeire Home and School in Shanghai, China, has attained a good position as an educational institution. Miss Haygood, sister of Bishop Haygood, is principal. It is distinctly a Christian school, mainly for girls. In addition to the usual branches of education, the pupils are taught a knowledge of Christianity.

One of the stations in California reports a very gracious revival, which resulted in an accession of 185 members. A noble Christian lady at the place has pledged the support of one missionary in Japan at $750 per annum.

The Methodist Church.

Rev. Dr. Bridgman, a native of Canada, was a member of the General Conference at Omaha, and introduced Dr. Carman in a most graceful manner, and his address was thus described by Dr. Buckley: "Dr. Carman's address was one of the best ever delivered before our General Conference—diversified, poetic, oratorical, often very terse, touching and effective, with most pertinent points, and magnetically delivered."

Rev. A. E. Geoffroy, French missionary, writes from Masham, P.Q., respecting a self-sustaining mission which he has begun. There are fifteen French Protestant families, well-doing farmers. There are sixty-four persons in the congregation, and the prospect is encouraging if a missionary can be kept on the ground.

Rev. F. A. Cassidy, Japan, spent his Easter holidays in an evangelistic tour in a locality where he was formerly stationed. He was much gratified with the improvements which had been effected in the interim. At one place a church and parsonage had been erected. He saw repeated evidences of good which had been accomplished by some of the female missionaries.

The mission schools in Japan are doing valuable service. At Tokyo School, seventy-two pupils were in attendance last term. The King's Daughters' society teach a school for poor children. Some of the pupils have set their faces Zionward. Of those who have embraced the truth, some have become teachers in the Sabbath-school, and others have

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sought to bring their friends to the Saviour.

Miss Leda J. Caldwell, of Summerville, N.S., has been appointed to the teaching department at Port Simpson, B.C., and by the time these notes are published she will probably have reached the scene of her important duties.

The Theological College at Montreal has had a prosperous year. Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, preached the convocation sermon. A farewell fellowship meeting was held on Sabbath morning, at which the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. The service was one of great spirituality.

The number of students in attendance was seventy, three of whom took the degree of B.A. in the McGill University; thirty-one students also have pursued the Licentiates' course during their three years' residence. The total number of students who have passed through the institution is 238. The staff of the college should be increased. Dr. Antliff, to the regret of many, returns to the pastorate.

During the session the students have been well employed in Christian work, such as preaching and teaching in Sabbath-schools. They have preached 189 sermons at the Old Brewery Mission. The students have resolved to support a missionary in Japan, and have also undertaken to defray the expenses of sending a missionary to China.

The degree of D.D. was conferred upon Rev. Professor Scrimger, Presbyterian; Samuel P. Rose, and Geo. Brown, F.R.G.S., Wesleyan Missionary Secretary, New South Wales.

The valedictorian was Mr. A. Logan. Dr. Carman, Dr. McVicar, Dr. Scrimger, and Dr. W. J. Hunter, delivered earnest and eloquent addresses. Dr. Carman agreed to give $100 to the Endowment Fund.

Twelve prizes were awarded to successful students. The Convocation was the best in the history of the college.

The final Convocation of Victoria University at Cobourg was held in May. More than ordinary interest was felt in the various services.

Sermons were preached on Sabbath by Rev. Dr. Rose and Dr. A. Sutherland. Chancellor Burwash addressed the graduating class in well-chosen words. The number of undergraduates, including those who are now added to the list of graduates, is unusually large.

Rev. W. S. Blackstock delivered the lecture before the Theological Union on the Atonement, which was greatly eulogized.

In addition to the prizes which have long been awarded at the Convocation, a new one of $50 gold has been given by Rev. Dr. Fawcett, in honour of his father, Rev. M. Fawcett, a superannuated minister of Toronto Conference. This prize will be given annually to the student who shall deliver the best oration on John Wesley.

The Death Roll.

Rev. Dr. Lambeth, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, has fallen at his post at Kobe, Japan. He was the oldest missionary in the Church, and commenced his career in China in 1852. After labouring in China until 1886, he was transferred to Japan, and in spite of advancing years began the work of planting a new mission with apostolic ardour. His dying message to the Church at home was: "I fell at my post, send more men."

Rev. W. Box was a Wesleyan missionary in the West Indies. He was born of Wesleyan parentage, was converted when sixteen, and soon became a local preacher. In 1828 he was accepted as a candidate for the ministry and appointed to Jamaica. His life was often in peril, he suffered grievous persecutions, even imprisonment, but he had the satisfaction of seeing the abolition of the cursed system of slavery. After labouring eight years abroad, domestic affliction compelled him to return to England, where for thirty-one years he was stationed to circuit work. He died on Good Friday, aged eighty-nine.

Book Notices.

John Remington, Martyr. By Mrs. Alden (Pansy) and Mrs. Livingston. Illustrated. Methodist Book Rooms : Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price 70 cents.

Mrs. Alden is better known as "Pansy." There is nothing in the book to indicate which is the part of each of the authors. Pansy is well-known as a prolific book-maker. With her great physical disability, it is marvellous that she can prepare such a large number of volumes in so short a space of time.

The book now under review consists of 418 pages of fine paper and clear type, so that no reader's eyes will be injured by its perusal. The pictorial illustrations enhance the value of the book. All the productions of Pansy's pen have a good moral tone, and so far as we can judge, "John Remington, Martyr," is equal, if not superior, in this respect to all the previous volumes which bear the honoured name of "Pansy." The career of a goodly number of the persons named in this volume is graphically portrayed, so that there is not a dull page in the entire volume. Those who are the most prominent persons in the story, such as Dr. Fletcher, Earle Mason, Miss Elsie—Otissey—Aunt Hannah, Mrs. Remington, Miss Redpath, and John Remington, the hero, are all vividly described.

Those who narrowly escaped death from the hands of the assassin, and those who were their ministering angels and brought them back again to active life, all displayed a vast amount of Christian heroism, and set an example to all who are exposed to similar perils in fighting the liquor traffic which should inspire them in time of danger. If there was no other publication in which the horrors of the cursed traffic are detailed than the one we now bring before our readers, there is here sufficient to cause every Christian man and woman to take up arms against the monster of iniquity.

We would especially recommend all Sunday-schools to get a copy of this book for their libraries. We question whether any young man or young woman will begin to read this fascinating volume without giving it an entire perusal.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon. Preacher, Author, Philanthropist. With Anecdotal Reminiscences. By G. Holden Pike (of London). Introduction by William Cleaver Wilkinson ; and concluding chapters by James C. Fernald. 12mo, cloth, 400 pp. $1.00. New York, London, and Toronto : Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This is an exceedingly interesting story of the great preacher's wonderful life. It is especially rich in anecdotes and pen-and-ink sketches. Rev. J. C. Fernald, the American editor of the volume, has added interesting personal memories of the great preacher and his work. The stages and incidents of the final illness are given with special fulness and clearness, including Mr. Spurgeon's own letters from Mentone, up to Jan. 17th, only two weeks before his death. The last sermon preached by Mr. Spurgeon at the Tabernacle in June, 1891, and the New Year's sermon delivered sitting, to the little circle of friends at Mentone, on the first Sabbath of the New Year, 1892 —the last discourse he ever uttered —fittingly close the volume ; each sermon being in its own way one of remarkable excellence and power.

The reader seems to see the boy Spurgeon in his godly home, the young convert engaging zealously as tract-distributor, and making Sunday-school talks, till surprised into preaching when only sixteen years old. The "boy-preacher" settled as pastor at Waterbeach, at seventeen years of age ; the odd, but winning

and mighty young preacher beginning his pastorate in the world's metropolis at nineteen, soon crowding the little chapel, and hall after hall in London, till the grand Tabernacle was built, where from six to seven thousand persons have assembled thrice a week for thirty years to hear the Gospel preached by this one man. Dr. Wilkinson has contributed an Introduction and Reminiscences in his usual happy and admirable style.

Out of Darkness into Light; autobiography of Joseph F. Hess, converted prize-fighter and saloon-keeper. 306 pages. Price $1.00. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a story of a very remarkable life. It shows the triumphs of grace in the reclamation to Christian manhood of a victim to intoxicating drink. It has much interest to Canadian readers, because "Joe Hess," as he is popularly called, resided for a considerable time in Canada and in Toronto, where some of his saddest outbreaks occurred. His life was one of strange adventure and extensive travel, as prize-fighter, champion walker, saloon-keeper, cow-boy on the Western plains, and, after his conversion, as an ardent apostle of Gospel temperance. His story has more than the fascination of a novel.

Mr. Hess is a man of marked character. He writes with a racy, vigorous, English style. His conversion almost rivals in character that of St. Paul; from being a zealous persecutor he becomes an equally zealous evangelist and temperance reformer.

The book contains a number of portraits of Mr. Hess in different phases of his career, and is touchingly dedicated "To my wife and children, who were so many years deprived of the love and protection that should have been given by husband and father; to-day all made happy in the love of Christ, who forgives every sin."

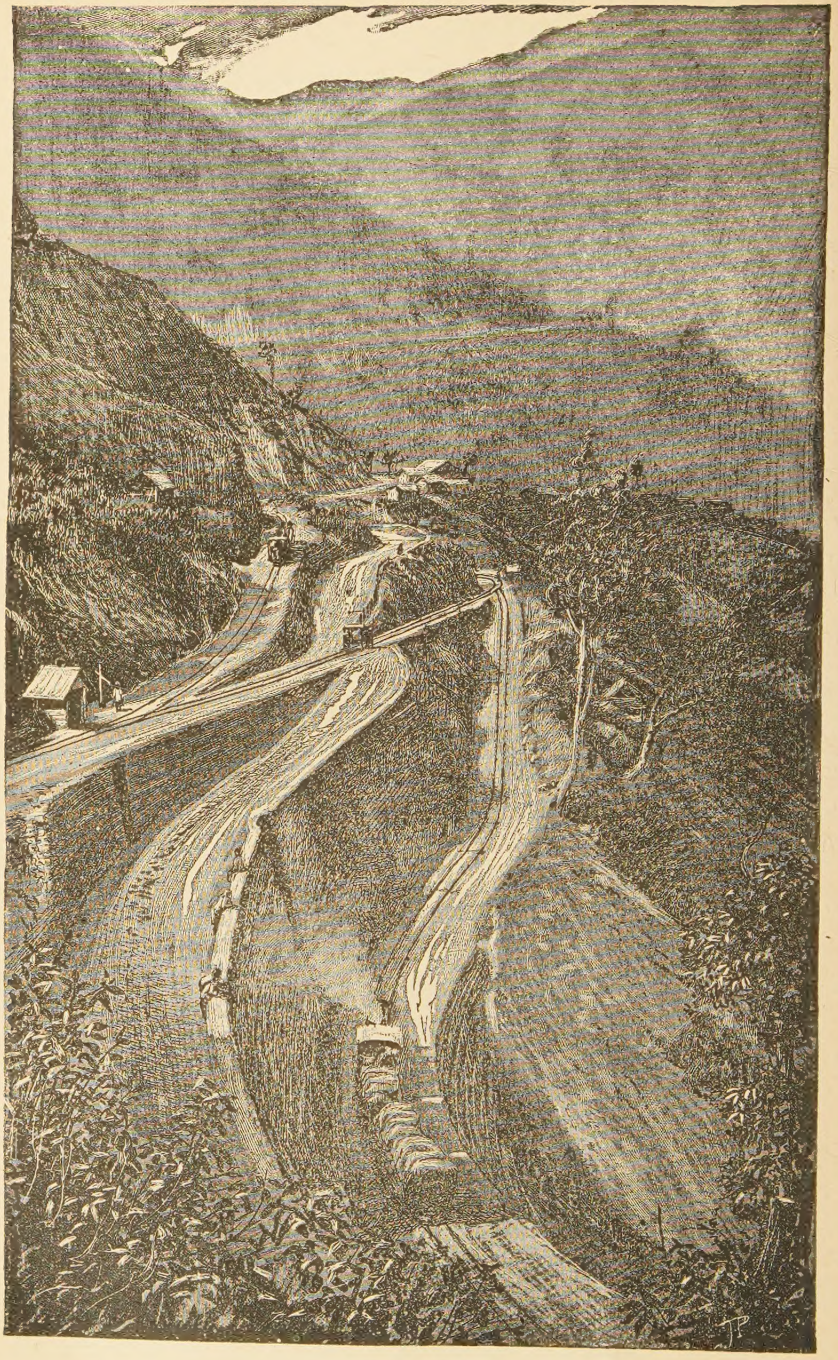
The Rabbi's Sons. By EMILY WEAVER. London.: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 90c.

This is another of the many books that have been written with their scenes laid in Bible lands and enacted in New Testament days, and which are of such intense interest to students of sacred history. This is a thrilling story of the days of St. Paul, and interwoven in the narrative are some of the most striking incidents in the life of the great apostle. The book will prove a valuable addition to a library, either in the school or the home.

Canadian Album—Success by Example. Brantford: Bradley, Garrison & Co.

This is a very enterprising undertaking and has been carried out with eminent ability and success, under the editorial management of Dr. Cochrane, well known as an able *litterateur.* A very large number of persons, of more or less prominence, are here put on record. The portraits are exceedingly well done and the book has a very handsome appearance. The cost of this book is very great and can only be recouped by a very large sale.

The *Quiver* for June. The opening article is on "Lighthouses, and Those who Attend Them," and is by G. Holden Pike, the author of a popular life of the late Mr. Spurgeon. The serial, "Through Devious Ways," which is getting very exciting, is approaching its last chapters, as it will be concluded in the next number of this magazine. There is an excellent article on "Stained Glass Windows" in this number, which is followed by a suggestive essay on "The Fragrance of Gentle Ways." "Sea Lavender" and "A Corn-Coloured Kitten" are pretty stories. "On the Rending of the High Priest's Garments" is one of the Rev. Hugh Macmillan's instructive papers. Cassell Publishing Company. 15 cents a number, $1.50 a year in advance.



SWITCH-BACK STATION, DARJILING RAILWAY.